

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXV.

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POETRY.

A PICTURE,	770	HOMEWARD,	770
MY FLOWER,	770	INDIAN SUMMER,	770

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A PICTURE.

Two little souls, a boy and a girl,
 - Wandering on to the foot of the hill.
 Bushes of green and blossoms of pearl
 Laugh at themselves in the roadside rill.
 Crossing the lane a gorgeous jay,
 Bathed in the light of a fluttering ray,
 Jauntily chatters, "Some day, some day!"

Two sweet souls, a man and a maid
 (Beechen branches twisted above),
 Picking the daisies which sprinkle a glade,
 And trying their luck at a game of love:
 "This year!" "Next year!" What do they
 say?
 And out of the beeches the curious jay
 Peeps and chuckles, "Some day, some day!"

Two old souls, and the end of the day
 Follows them home to the foot of the hill;
 One late gleam which has wandered astray
 Breaks from a copse and dimples the rill.
 Autumn leaves are strewing the way,
 And hoarse from the larch the hungry jay
 Shouts out to the night, "Some day, some
 day!"

Two poor souls in the dead of the night,
 Side by side, lie stiffened and still;
 And the winter's moon just softens her light,
 As it solemnly rests at the foot of the hill.
 Remembering the bees and the buds and the
 May,
 The summer gold and the autumn gray,
 And the warm green lane where the beetles
 play,
 In the crisp cold night the shivering jay
 Croaks out of his dream, "Some day, some
 day!"

Tinsley's Magazine.

MY FLOWER.

OH! it waited all through the year to bloom,
 Waited, and weathered the wind, the gloom,
 Pent, and folded, and shaded.
 OH! it blossom'd at last for an hour, an hour,
 The beautiful, beautiful sun-kiss'd flower!
 And at blaze of the noontide faded.

Faded, and fell in the fervid air
 That had nursed its waking, and made it fair;
 Dead with the passion of living.
 OH! spent and lost, forever and aye!
 A year of work for an hour of play!
 A gift withdrawn at the giving!

How shall I measure the good, the ill,
 The pain of waiting, the pain of fill,
 Long hoping, and short fruition?

Shall I nip the buds lest they shed their flowers
 In the swift, sweet warmth of meridian hours?
 Shall I call the shedding perdition?

No: buds must open, and flowers must blow,
 So kiss them passing, and let them go,
 With not too heavy a sorrow;
 Petals, are frail of the fairest flower,
 Yet the fruit at its broken heart hath power
 To yield new beauty to-morrow.

Examiner.

L. S. BEVINGTON.

HOMEWARD.

"There remaineth a rest."

I.

THE day dies slowly in the western sky;
 The sunset splendour fades, and wan and
 cold
 The far peaks wait the sunrise; cheerily
 The goat-herd calls his wanderers to the
 fold.
 My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
 Take comfort; evening bringeth all things
 home.

II.

Homeward the swift-winged seagull takes her
 flight;
 The ebbing tide breaks softer on the sand;
 The red-sailed boats draw shoreward for the
 night,
 The shadows deepen over sea and land.
 Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come;
 Behold, one evening, God shall lead thee
 home.

Sunday Magazine.

H. M.

INDIAN SUMMER.

HER harvests gathered and her wines distilled,
 And all fair robes laid by for festal spring,
 The year sits down her argosies to build
 That shall from Orient climes sweet traffic
 bring.

With wistful smiles she sets them all afloat,
 Beneath blue skies soft veiled with gather-
 ing mist—
 Like tears that rise in mother-eyes that note
 The dear girl-face some beckoning love has
 kissed—

And says: "Go forth where rarest lilies bloom!
 Bear spice and perfume from the nether
 seas!

When silent grows the winter's crashing loom
 Return, with all the joy of buds and bees!"
 Evening Post. KATE M. SHERWOOD.

From The Fortnightly Review.

BOOKS AND CRITICS.*

BEFORE advancing any statements which may appear to you doubtful, I will bespeak your favorable attention by saying something which cannot be contradicted.

A man should not talk about what he does not know. That is a proposition which must be granted me. I will go on to say further—it is not the same thing—a man should speak of what he knows. When it was proposed to me to say something to you this evening, I wished that what I said should be about something I knew.

I think I do know something about the use of books. Not the contents of books, but the value and use of them. All men have read some books. Many have read much. There are many men who have read more books than I have. Few in this busy, energetic island in which we live can say, what I have to confess of myself, that my whole life has been passed in handling books.

The books of which we are going to speak to-night are the books of our day—modern literature, or what are commonly called “new books.”

So various are the contents of the many-colored volumes which solicit our attention month after month for at least nine months of the year, that it may seem an impossible thing to render any account of so many-sided a phenomenon in the short space of one lecture. But I am not proposing to pass in review book by book, or writer by writer—that would be endless. I am not proposing to you to speak of individuals at all, I want you to take a comprehensive point of view, to consider our books *en masse*, as a collective phenomenon—say from such a point of view as is indicated by the questions, “Who write them? Who read them? Why do they write or read them? What is the educational or social value of the labor so expended in reading or writing?”

Literature is a commodity, and as such it is subject to economic law. Books, like any other commodity, can only be produced by the combination of labor and

capital—the labor of the author, the capital of the publisher. They would not be written unless the author labored to write them. They could not be printed unless there was somebody ready to advance money for the paper and the work of the printing-press. The publisher, the capitalist, risks his money on a book because he expects to turn it over with a trade profit—say twelve per cent.—on it. On the capitalist side the production is purely a commercial transaction; but on the labor side, *i.e.* on the part of the author, it is not equally easy to state the case as one of labor motivated by wages. Certainly authorship is a profession. There are authors, who are authors and nothing more—men who live by their pen, as a counsel lives by giving opinions, or a physician by prescribing for patients. But this is only partially the case with our literature. A large part of it is not paid for; the author's labor is not set in motion by wages. Many other motives come in, inducing men to address the public in print, besides the motive of wages. Disinterested enthusiasm; youthful ardor of conviction; egotism in some one of its many forms, of ambition, vanity, the desire to teach, to preach, to be listened to; mere restlessness of temperament; even the having nothing else to do,—these things will make a man write a book quite irrespective of being paid for doing so. Did you ever hear of Catherinot? No! Well, Catherinot was a French antiquary of the seventeenth century; a very learned one, if learning means to have read many books without understanding. Catherinot printed, whether at his own cost or another's I can't say, a vast number of dissertations on matters of antiquity. David Clément, the curious bibliographer, has collected the titles of one hundred and eighty-two of those dissertations, and adds there were more of them which he had not been able to find. Nobody wanted these dissertations of Catherinot. He wrote them and printed them for his own gratification. As the public would not take his *paperasses*, as Valesius called them, he had recourse to a device to force a circulation for them. There was then no penny-post, so he could not, like Herman Heinfetter, post his lucra

brations to all likely addresses, but he used to go round the *quais* in Paris, where the old bookstalls are, and, while pretending to be looking over the books, slip some of his dissertations between the volumes of the *boutiquier*. In this way the one hundred and eighty-two or more have come down to us. Catherinot is a by-word, the typical case of scribbleomania, — of the *insanabile scribendi cacoethes* — but the malady is not unknown to our time, and accounts for some of our many reams of print. And even if pure scribbleomania is not a common complaint, there are very many other motives to writing besides the avowed and legitimate motive of earning an income by the pen. Why do men make speeches to public meetings, or give lectures in public institutions? It is a great deal of trouble to do so. The motives of the labor are very various. Whatever they are, the same variety of motives urges men to write books.

Notwithstanding these exceptions, the number and importance of which must not be lost sight of in our inquiry, the general rule will still hold that books, being a commodity, are subject to the same economic laws as all commodities. That one which is of importance for us is the law of demand and supply; the law which says that demand creates supply, and prescribes its quantity and quality. You see at once how vital to literature must be the establishment of this commercial principle as its regulator, and how radical must have been the revolution in the relation between writer and reader which was brought about when it was established. In the times when the writer was the exponent of universally received first principles, what he said might be true or might be false, might be ill or well received, but at all events he delivered his message; he spoke as one having authority, and did not shape his thoughts so as to offer what should be acceptable to his auditory. Authorship was not a trade; books were not a commodity; demand did not dictate the quality of the article supplied. In England, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the transformation of the writer from the prophet into the trading author was pretty well complete. As we trace back our civ-

ilization to the cave man, so it is worth while casting a glance at the ancestral authorape from whom is descended the accomplished and highly-paid leader-writer of 1877, who sits for a county, and the "honor of whose company" dukes solicit. The professional author of Queen Anne's time has been delineated to us, by the master hand of Pope, as a disreputable being, starving in a garret "high in Drury Lane," on an occasional five guineas thrown to him by the grudging charity of one of the wealthy publishers, Tonson or Lintot, more likely Curll, "turning a Persian tale for half-a-crown," that he might not go to bed supperless and swearing. He was a brainless dunce without education, a sneaking scoundrel without a conscience. But you will notice that in this his mean estate, now become a hireling scribbler, he continued for long to keep up the fiction that the author was a gentleman who wrote because it pleased him to do so. When he had finished his pamphlet in defence of the present administration, a pamphlet for which he was to get Sir Robert's shabby pay, he pretended, in his preface, that he had taken up his pen for the amusement of his leisure hours. When he had turned into rhyme Ovid's "*De Arte Amandi*" for Curll's chaste press, he said he was going to oblige the town with a poetical trifle. You all remember Pope's couplet, —

Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,

Obliged by hunger and request of friends.

The second line ought to be read thus, —

Obliged by hunger and — request of friends,

hunger being the real cause of the hurried publication; "request of friends" the cause assigned, suppose on the title-page. The transformation of the teacher into the paid author was complete; but the professional author, though compelled to supply the article which was in demand, still gave himself the airs of an independent gentleman, and affected to be controlling taste instead of ministering to it.

In our own day, notwithstanding the exceptions to which I have alluded, it is now the rule that the character of general literature is determined by the taste of the

reading public. It is true that any man may write what he likes, and may print it. But if he cannot get the public to buy it, his book can hardly be said to be published. At any rate, books that are not read count for nothing in that literature of the day which is the subject before us.

Let us first inquire what literature is as to its mass, before we look into its composition. And here it will simplify our subject if we divide books into two classes—literature strictly so-called, and the books which are not literature.

Literature does *not* mean all printed matter. Blue-books and Acts of Parliament, Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management," Timbs's "Year-book of Facts," Fresenius's "Chemical Analysis"—these are not literature. The word is not applicable to all the books in our libraries. Most books are didactic—*i.e.*, they are intended to convey information on special subjects. Treatises on agriculture, astronomy, a dictionary of commerce, are not literary works. They are books—useful, necessary for those who are studying agriculture, astronomy, commerce—but they do not come under the head of literature. There are books which the publishers are pleased to advertise as "gift-books," the object of whose existence is that they may be "given"—no doubt they answer their purpose, they are "given"—and there is an end to them. I have seen an American advertising column headed "swift-selling books," the object of which books, I presume, was that they might be "sold," like Peter Pindar's razors. When we have excluded all books which teach special subjects, all gift-books, all swift-selling books, all religious books, history and politics, those which remain are "literature."

I am unable to give a definition of literature. I have not met with a satisfactory one. Mr. Stopford Brooke, in a little book which I can cordially recommend to beginners—it is called "A Primer of English Literature"—has felt this difficulty at the outset. He says in his first page, "By literature we mean the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women arranged in a way which will give pleasure to the reader." It would be easy to show the defects of

this definition; but, till I am prepared to propose a better, we may let this pass. Of what books the class literature consists may be better understood by setting the class in opposition to special books than by a description. Catalogues of classified libraries use the term "*belles-lettres*" for this class of book.

When we have thus reduced the comprehension of the term "literature" to its narrowest limits, the mass of reading soliciting our notice is still enormous—overwhelming. First come the periodicals, and of periodicals first the dailies. The daily newspaper is political or commercial, mainly; but even the daily newspaper now, which pretends to any standing, must have its column of literature. The weekly papers are literary in a large proportion to their bulk. Our old friend the *Saturday Review* is literary as to a full half of its contents, and, having worked off the froth and frivolity of its froward youth, offers you for sixpence a co-operative store of literary opinion of a highly instructive character, and always worth attention. There are the exclusively literary weeklies—the *Academy*, the *Athenaeum*, the *Literary World*—all necessary to be looked at as being integral parts of current opinion. We come to the monthlies. It is characteristic of the eager haste of our modern Athenians to hear "some new thing," that we cannot now wait for quarter-day. Those venerable old wooden three-deckers, the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly Review*, still put out to sea under the command, I believe, of the Ancient Mariner, but the active warfare of opinion is conducted by the three new iron monitors, the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary*, and the *Nineteenth Century*. In these monthlies the best writers of the day vie with each other in soliciting our jaded appetites on every conceivable subject. Indeed, the monthly periodical seems destined to supersede books altogether. Books now are largely made up of republished review articles. Even when this is not the case, the substance of the ideas expanded in the octavo volume will generally be found to have been first put out in the magazine article of thirty pages. Hence the monthlies cannot be disposed

of by slightly looking into them; they form at this moment the most characteristic and pithy part of our literary produce. It has been calculated that the insect life upon our globe, if piled in one mass, would exceed in magnitude the heap which would be made by bringing together all the beasts and birds. For though each insect be individually minute, their collective number is enormous. So a single number of a periodical seems little compared with a book; but then there are so many of them, and they are reproduced so fast! A newspaper seems less than it is on account of the spread of the sheet. One number of the *Times*, a double sheet containing sixteen pages, or ninety-six columns, contains a quantity of printing equal to three hundred and eighty-four pages octavo, or an average-sized octavo volume. Even a hard reader might find it difficult within thirty days to overtake the periodical output of the month; and then on the first he would have to begin all over again.

So much for periodicals; we come now to the books.

The total number of new books, not including new editions and reprints, published in Great Britain in 1876, was twenty-nine hundred and twenty. In accordance with the construction I have put on the term literature, we must subtract from this total all religious, political, legal, commercial, medical, juvenile books, and all pamphlets. There will remain somewhere about sixteen hundred and twenty books of literature, taking the word in its widest extent. I may say, by the way, that these figures can only be regarded as approximative. Cataloguing in this country is disgracefully careless. Many books published are every year omitted from the London catalogue. For example, out of two hundred and sixty-seven works published in the two counties of Lancashire and Cheshire, only thirty-one are found entered in the last London catalogue. But I will take no account of omissions. I will even strike off the odd one hundred and twenty from my total of sixteen hundred and twenty, and say that English literature grows only at the rate of fifteen hundred works per annum. At this rate in ten years our literary product amounts to fifteen thousand books. Put the duration of a man's reading life at forty years. If he had to read everything that came out, to keep pace with the teeming press, he would have had in his forty years sixty thousand works of contemporary literature to wade through. This in books only,

over and above his periodical work, which we calculated would require pretty well all his time.

But as yet we have got only Great Britain. But England is not all the world, as Mr. Matthew Arnold reminds us ("Essays," p. 43). By the very nature of things, much of the best that is known and thought in the world cannot be of English growth, must be foreign; in a survey of literature we cannot afford to ignore what is being said and written in the countries near us, any more than in politics we can afford to ignore what is being done by them. At present Germany and France are the two countries with whom we are most closely connected, and whose sayings are the most influential sayings in the world.

Germany is the country of books, and its output of books is enormous. The average annual number of books printed in that language is about twelve thousand. However, only a fraction of this total of German books deserves to rank as literature. Mere book-making is carried in Germany to a frightful pitch. The bad tobacco and the falsified wines of Mayence and Hamburg find their counterpart in the book wares of Leipzig. The German language is one of the most powerful instruments for the expression of thought and feeling to which human invention has ever given birth. The average German literary style of the present day is a barbarous jargon, wrapping up an attenuated and cloudy sense in bales of high-sounding words. The fatigue which this style of utterance inflicts upon the mind is as great as that which their Gothic letter, a relic of the fifteenth century, inflicts upon the eye, blackening and smearing all the page. An examination of the boys in the *Johanneum* of Hamburg elicited the fact that sixty-one per cent. of the upper class were shortsighted. A large part of German books is not significant of anything—mere sound without meaning.

Putting aside, however, the meaningless, there remains not a little in German publication which requires the attention of one who makes it his business to know the thoughts of his age. The residuum of these twelve thousand annual volumes has to be sifted out of the lumber of the book-shops, for it embodies the thoughts and the moral ideal of a great country, and a great people. Poor as Germany is in literature, it is rich in *learning*. As compilers of dictionaries, as accumulators of facts, the German bookmaker is unrivalled. The Germans are the hewers of wood and drawers of water for a literature which

they have not got. All the rest of the European nations put together do not do so much for the illustration of the Greek and Latin classics as the Germans alone do—classics by whose form and spirit they have profited so little. It is one of the paradoxes of literary history that in this very country—Germany—which is the world's schoolmaster in learning the Greek and Latin languages, so little of the style and beauty of those immortal models passes into its daily literature.

If style and form alone were what gave value to literature, the first literature now produced in the world would be the French. All that the Germans have not the French have. Form, method, measure, proportion, classical elegance, refinement, the cultivated taste, the stamp of good society—these traits belong not only to the first class of French books, but even to their second and third rate books. No writer in France of whatever calibre can hope for acceptance who violates good taste or is ignorant of polite address. German literature is not written by gentlemen—mind, I speak of literature, not of works of erudition—but by a touze-headed, unkempt, unwashed professional bookmaker, ignorant alike of manners and the world. In France a writer cannot gain a hearing unless he stands upon the platform of the man of the world, who lives in society, and accepts its prescription before he undertakes to instruct it. French books are written by men of the world for the world. This is the merit of the French. The weak point of French books is their deficiency of fact, their emptiness of information. The self-complacent ignorance of the French writer is astonishing. Their books are too often style and nothing more. The French language has been wrought up to be the perfect vehicle of wit and wisdom—the wisdom of the serpent—the incisive medium of the practical intelligence. But the French mind has polished the French language to this perfection at a great cost—at the cost of total ignorance of all that is not written in French. Few educated Frenchmen know any language but their own. They travel little, and, when they do travel, their ignorance of the speech of the country cuts them off from getting to know what the people are like. We must credit the French with knowing their own affairs; of the affairs even of their nearest neighbors in Europe they are as ignorant as a Chinese. Their newspapers are dependent for their foreign intelligence on the telegrams of the

Times. Hence their foreign policy has been a series of blunders. Had the merits of the case been known to it, could republican France, in 1849, have sent out an expedition to Rome to set up again the miserable ecclesiastical government which the Romans had thrown off? I was reading in the *Figaro* not long ago a paragraph giving an account of the visit of a French gentleman in England. On some occasion he had to make a speech; and he made it in English, acquitting himself very creditably. "M. Blanc," says the *Figaro*, "being a Breton, spoke English like a native Englishman, on account of the close affinity between the two languages, Breton and English." The *Figaro* is one of the most widely circulated newspapers in France. England is a country with which the French are in close and constant communication, and yet they have not discovered that the English tongue does not belong to the Celtic family of languages. That Germany is as little known to them as England I might instance in the most popular tourist's book of the day. Victor Tissot's "*Voyage aux Pays des Millions*" has reached something approaching to fifty editions. It is nothing but a tissue of epigrams and witty exaggerations, a farce disguised as fact, and taken by the French nation as a serious description of German life.

It is an error to say, as is sometimes said, that French literature is a mere literature of style. This finished expression embalms much worldly wisdom, the life experience of the most social of modern men and women; but it is an experience whose horizon is limited by the limits of France. It is a strictly national literature. It is, in this respect, the counterpart of the literature of ancient Athens. *We*, all the rest of us, are to the Frenchman barbarians in our speech and manners. He will not trouble himself about us. By this exclusiveness he gains something and loses much. He preserves the purity of his style. The clearness of his vision and the precision of his judgment, from his national point of view, are unimpaired. He loses the cosmopolitan breadth—the comparative standpoint. But the comparative standpoint is the great conquest of our century, which has revolutionized history and created social science and the science of language.

He who aims at comprehending modern literature must keep himself well acquainted with the contemporary course of French and German books, as well as of his own language; and these two are enough. A

Spanish literature of to-day can hardly be said to exist, and the Italians are too much occupied at present in reproduction and imitation to have much that is original to contribute to the general stock of Europe.

English, French, German; the periodical and the volume publication in these three languages, year by year: you will say the quantity is prodigious—overwhelming, if it were to be supposed that any reader must read it all. But this is not the case: what the publisher's table offers is a choice—something for all tastes: one reads one book, another another. As I divided books into two classes, books of special information and books of general literature, so readers must now be divided into two classes—the general public and the professional literary man: the author, or critic, let us call him. I am not proposing that the general public should read, or look at, all this mass of current literature. It would be preposterous to think of it. You must read by selection; but for your selection you will be guided—you are so in fact—by the opinion of those whom I must now speak of as a class, by the name of critics.

Criticism is a profession, and, as you will have gathered from what has been said, an arduous profession; the responsibility great, the labor heavy. Literature is not your profession—I speak to you as the general public—it is at most a solace of your leisure hours; but the critic, he who sits on the judgment-seat of letters, and has to acquit or condemn, to examine how each writer has executed his task, to guide the reading community by distinguishing the good and censuring the bad—he really holds an educational office which is above that of any professor or doctor, inasmuch as the doctor of laws or of divinity is authorized to speak to his own faculty, whereas the critic speaks to the whole republic of letters. What is recreation to you is business to the critic, and his business is to keep himself acquainted with the course of publication in at least these three languages. Looking, then, at the mass and volume of printed matter to be thus daily and hourly sifted, you cannot think that the profession of critic is a sinecure.

And before he can be qualified to take his seat on the bench and dispense the law, consider what a lengthened course of professional training must have been gone through by our critic or judicial reader. When he has once entered upon its func-

tions, his whole time will be consumed, and his powers of attention strained to the utmost, in the effort to keep abreast of that contemporary literature which he is to watch and report upon. But no one can have any pretension to judge of the literature of the day who has not had a thorough training in the literature of the past. The critic must have been apprenticed to his profession.

It has been calculated that in a very advanced and ramified science, *e. g.*, chemistry, fourteen years are required by the student to overtake knowledge as it now stands. That is to say, that to learn what is known, before you can proceed to institute new experiments, fourteen years are necessary—twice the time which the old law exacted of an apprentice bound to any trade. The 5th of Elizabeth, which used to be known as the statute of apprenticeship, enacted that no person should for the future exercise any trade, craft, or mystery, unless he had previously served to it an apprenticeship of seven years at least. This enactment of 1563 was but the legislative sanction of what had been for centuries the by-law of the trade guilds. This by-law had ruled, not in England only, but over all the civilized countries of Europe. It was a by-law that had not been confined to trades. It had extended over the arts and over the liberal professions. University degrees are nothing more than the application of this by-law to the learned professions. It required study for twenty-eight academical terms, *i. e.*, seven years, to qualify for the degree of M. A. in the universities. Rather, I would say, that the line was not then drawn between the mechanical and the liberal branches of human endeavor; both were alike designated "arts;" and the term *universitas*, now restricted to the bodies which profess theoretical science, was then the common appellation of all corporations and trade guilds, as well as the so-called universities of Paris and Bologna.

Regarding literature as a separate art, we might ask, How long would it require to go through the whole of it to become a master of this art? Even taking the narrowest definition of literature, it seems a vast surface to travel over, from Homer down to our own day! I say the surface, because no one supposes it necessary to read every line of every book which can call itself literature. Remember that in studying the literature of the past, other countries than France and Germany come in. I have dispensed our critic from occu-

pying himself with the Italian and Spanish books of to-day. But with the books of the past it is different. Italy, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was the most civilized and literary country in Europe. And Spain has its classical writers. Their mere mass is prodigious. Life in Italy was rich and varied, and consequently so were the materials for that true narrative which is stranger than fiction. Villari has computed that the Italian republics of the Middle Ages enjoyed a total of seventy-two hundred revolutions, and recreated themselves with seven hundred grand massacres. The longest single poem, I believe, extant, is an Italian poem, the "*Adone*" of Marini, who lived in the time of our James I. It contains forty-five thousand lines. As for Spain, one single author of the seventeenth century, Lope de Vega, wrote eighteen hundred plays; his works altogether fill forty-seven quarto volumes. Alonso Tostado, a Spanish bishop of the fifteenth century, wrote nearly forty folios, having covered with print three times as many leaves as he had lived days. To come to England. Our William Prynne wrote two hundred different works. Chalmers's collected edition of the English poets only comes down to Cowper, who died in 1800, and it fills twenty-one volumes royal octavo, double columns, small type. The volumes average seven hundred pages. This gives a total of fourteen thousand seven hundred pages, or twenty-nine thousand four hundred columns. Now it takes—I have made the experiment—four minutes to read a column with fair attention. Here is a good year's work in reading over, only once, a selection from the English poets. The amount of reading which a student can get through in a given time hardly admits of being measured by the ell. The rate of reading varies with the subject, the rapid glance with which we skim the columns of a newspaper being at one end of the scale, and the slow sap which is required for a page of, say, Kant's "*Critique of Pure Reason*" being at the other. Still, just to get something to go upon, make a calculation in this way: Suppose a man to be able to read eight hours a day. No one can really sustain receptive or critical attention to written matter for eight hours. But take eight hours as the outside possibility. Thirty pages octavo is an average hour's read, taking one book with another. This would make two hundred and forty pages per day, one thousand six hundred and eight per week, and eighty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty pages in

the year. Taking the average thickness of an octavo volume as four hundred pages only, the quantity of reading which a diligent student can get over in a year is no more than an amount equal to about two hundred and twenty volumes octavo. Of course this is a merely mechanical computation, by which we cannot pretend to gauge mental processes. But it may be worth while knowing that the merely mechanical limit of study is some two hundred and twenty volumes octavo per annum.

It would be clearly impossible, even for an industrious reader, to read, even once, every line of the world's stock of poetry, much less every line of all that can be called literature. In no branch of study is mere mechanical application of much avail. In the study of literature, as in art, mechanical attention, the mere perusal of the printed page, is wholly useless. The student, therefore, has to overcome the brute mass of the material on which he works by artificial expedients. Of these expedients the most helpful is that of selection. As he cannot look into every book, he must select the best. And selection must not be arbitrary. In the literary creations of the ideal world, as in the living organisms of the material world, natural selection has saved us the difficulty of choice. The best books are already found and determined for us by the verdict of time. Life of books is as life of nations. In the battle for existence the best survive, the weaker sink below the surface, and are heard of no more. In each generation since the invention of printing, many thousand works have issued from the press. Out of all this mass of print a few hundred are read by the generation which succeeds; at the end of the century a score or so may be still in vogue. Every language has its classics, and it is by this process of natural selection that the classics of any given country are distinguished from the weltering mass of abandoned books.

It is a great assistance to the student that the classics of each language are already found for him by the hand of time. But our accomplished critic cannot confine his reading to the classics in each language; his education is not complete till he has in his mind a conception of the successive phases of thought and feeling from the beginning of letters. Though he need not read every book, he must have surveyed literature in its totality. Partial knowledge of literature is no knowledge. It is only by the comparative method that

a founded judgment can be reached. And the comparative method implies a complete survey of the phenomena. It is recorded of Auguste Comte that after he had acquired what he considered a sufficient stock of material, he abstained scrupulously from all reading, except two or three poets (of whom one was Dante) and the "*Imitatio Christi*" of Thomas à Kempis. This abstinence from reading Comte called his "*hygiène cérébrale*," healthy treatment of his brain. The citizens of his Utopia are to be prohibited from reading any books but those which had happened to fall in Comte's way before he gave up reading. It is, I think, the case that our student has now to read more than is compatible with perfect equilibrium of faculty. On the other hand, the consequences of cutting off contact with the thoughts of others, as Comte resolutely did, may be seen in the unhealthy egotism and puerile self-complacency which deform his writings, his perpetual "mistake as to the relative value of his own things and the things of others." (Arnold's "Essays.")

We require of our thoroughly furnished critic that he should have prepared himself for his profession by a comprehensive study of all that human thought, experience, and imagination have stored up for us. When we have used all the short cuts to this goal which art and nature have provided, how many years will such an apprenticeship require? The data are wanting on which to found a calculation. Can the work be got through in seven years, in twice seven, or in three times seven? I do not know. Archbishop Usher at twenty began to read the fathers, Greek and Latin, with the resolution of reading them through. The task was achieved in nineteen years. Hammond, at Oxford, read thirteen hours a day. ("Life of Usher." "Life of Hammond," by Fell.) Milton's "industrious and select reading," in preparation for the great work to which he dedicated a whole life, long choosing, and late beginning, are as well known, as the thirty years spent by Edward Gibbon in preparing for and in composing his history.

Of course in this, as in other trades, a man learns while he practises. Buffon told a friend that, after passing fifty years at his desk, he was every day learning to write. The critic's judgment matures by many failures. Without these three elements — time, industry, arduous endeavor — no man can attain to be a supreme judge of literary worth. Perhaps you have

been accustomed to set before yourselves quite another ideal of the literary life. You have thought the business of reviewing a lazy profession, the resource of men who wanted industry or talent, who were, in short, fit for nothing better, a profession largely adopted by briefless barristers, by incompetent clerks, by green youths fresh from college examinations, and generally by men who shirk hard work — in fact an easy-chair and slipper business. You have, perhaps, supposed that anybody can write a review, that essay-writing is as easy as talking, that it is only a matter of cheek and fluency. You have imagined that a quarterly or a weekly reviewer merely got his knowledge of the subject in hand out of the book he had under review; that he, thereupon, dishonestly assumes to have known all about it, and with voluble impertinence goes on to retail this newly acquired information as if it were his own, seasoning it with sneers and sarcasms at the author from whom he is stealing. I know these things are said. I have heard even respectable reviews and magazines accused of paying for this sort of thing by the column, *i.e.*, giving a pecuniary inducement to fill out paper with words — to make copy, or padding, as it is called. I don't know if these things are done in practice. If they are, they are fraudulent, and must, I should think, come within the act against adulteration. What I have set before you in the above outline is the honest critic who gives to his calling the devotion of a life, prepares himself by antecedent study, and continues through the whole of his career to make daily new acquisitions and to cultivate his susceptibility to new impressions.

Such are the qualifications of the teacher, of the writer of books. I turn now from the author to the reader, from the producer to the consumer. You to whom I now speak are a portion of the public; you represent the consumer. And first, what is the mechanism by which the consumer is provided with his article? The English are not a book-storing people. Each family has not, as a rule, its own library. In great country houses, it is true, there is always the library. Many treasures are in these old repositories — the accumulated store of half-a-dozen generations. They often go back to Queen Anne, the great book-diffusing period of our annals; sometimes, but more rarely, to the seventeenth century. The family

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history may be read in the successive strata, superimposed, like geological strata, one on the other. The learned literature of the seventeenth century, largely composed in Latin, its Elzevirs, and its *variorum* classics, will often be found relegated to a garret. These books have come to be regarded as lumber. They are only not cleared out and despatched to Sotheby's, because the cost of removal would exceed their produce at the auction. This, though hoisted up to the garret by an upheaval, is in point of time the earliest stratum. Upon this will be found a bed of theological pamphlets mostly in small quarto, in which lurk the ashes of passion, once fired by the Revolution of 1688, the non-juring pamphlets, the Dr. Sacheverell pamphlets, the Bangorian controversy. In the great library on the ground-floor we shall find the earliest stratum to consist of the splendid quartos, on thick paper with wide margin, of Queen Anne's time. "The Spectator," "The Tatler," Pope's Homer, a subscription copy; the folios of Carte and Echard, and so down the century over "Junius" and Chesterfield's "Letters" to the first editions of Sir Walter Scott's poems. The mere titles of such a collection, or accretion, form a history of literature. But it is only in our old country houses that such a treat is to be enjoyed, and the number of these diminishes in each generation. Cultivation and intellectual tastes seem to be dying out among the English aristocracy. It has been said ("New Republic") the fop of Charles II.'s time at least affected to be a wit and a scholar, the fop of our times aims at being a fool and a dunce.

In the house of a middle-class family you will also find a few books — chiefly religious books or specialty books — little literature, and that casual, showing no selection, no acquaintance with the movement of letters. There will be nothing that can be called a library. The intellectual barrenness of these middle-class homes is appalling. The dearth of books is only the outward and visible sign of the mental torpor which reigns in those destitute regions. Even in priest-ridden France, where the confessor has all the women and half the men under his thumb, there is more of that cultivation which desiderates the possession of books. In many a French family of no great means is a bookcase of some five hundred volumes, not presents, but chosen, and in which the *chefs-d'œuvre* of French literature will be included. They will be in half morocco, with gilt edges; binding not sumptuous, but elegant, and perfectly

clean, neither thumbd nor grease-stained, nor gas-shrivelled — a sign, you will say, that they are not much used. Not so. A Frenchman cannot endure a dirty book. It is an error to suppose that the dirt on the cover and pages of a book is a sign of its studious employment. Those who use books to most purpose handle them with loving care. The dirt on English books is a sign of neglect, not of work. It is disrespectful and ignorant handling. If you have a select cabinet of books, with which you live habitually as friends and companions, you would not choose to have them repulsive in dress and outward appearance.

How insignificant an item of household expenditure is the bookseller's bill in a middle-class family! A man who is making £1,000 a year will not think of spending £1 per week on books. If you descend to a lower grade of income, the purchase of a book at all is an exceptional occurrence, and then it will rarely be a book of pure literature. The total population of the United Kingdom is more than thirty-three millions. The aggregate wealth of this population is manifold more than it was one hundred and fifty years ago, but the circle of book-buyers, of the lovers of literature, is certainly not larger, if it be not absolutely smaller.

One reason which may be assigned for the book dearth among families of small means is want of space. Room in this country is now become very costly. A family of £1,000 a year in a town probably pays out £100 a year as rent. A heavy tax! And what do you get for it? A hutch in which you can scarce put up your family or breathe yourself. You have literally no room for books. This, I grant, is a too true description of the town dwelling. But it is not altogether an account of why you are without a library. A set of shelves, thirteen feet by ten feet, and six inches deep, placed against a wall, will accommodate nearly one thousand volumes octavo. Cheap as books now are, a well-selected library of English classics could be compressed into less room than this, was the companionship of books felt by you to be among the necessities of life.

If narrow income and cramped premises will not let us have a private library, we may meet our wants in some measure by public libraries. The co-operative store as applied to groceries is a discovery of our generation. But the principle of co-operation was applied to libraries long before. The book-club is an old institution which flourished in the last century,

but is nearly extinct now. There were some twelve hundred of these clubs scattered over England, and their disappearance has had a marked effect on the character of our book-market. Each country club naturally fell under the control of the one or two best-informed men of the neighborhood. The books ordered were thus of a superior class, and publishers could venture upon publishing such books because they knew they could look to the country clubs to absorb one edition. Now the supply of new books has passed away from the local clubs, and into the hands of two great central houses. Smith and Mudie, of course, look only to what is most asked for. And as even among readers the ignorant, the indolent, and the vulgar are in a large majority, it is the ignorant, the indolent, and the vulgar, who now create that demand which the publisher has to meet. Universal suffrage in the choice of books has taken the place of a number of independent centres which the aristocracy of intellect could influence.

It may prove some compensation for the destruction of the country book-clubs, that the great towns are beginning to bestir themselves to look after their book supply. The earliest common libraries were, as we should expect, in universities and colleges, often remote from populous centres, such as the Sharp library in Bamburgh Castle. It is only quite recently that the trading and manufacturing towns have begun to feel the want of books. And the desire is still feeble, and has spread but a little way. Some eighty or ninety cities and towns, I believe, in all Great Britain, have adopted, in whole or in part, Mr. Ewart's Act. There is still a very large number of towns with a population over three thousand who have not yet felt the want of a public library. Your city, always forward where enterprise can go, and where educational matters are in question, stands first, or only second to Manchester in apprehending the public importance of a complete outfit of books.

So much on the book supply. I go on to the question, What is the stimulus which makes men ask for books? Why do English men and women of the present day read?

There are people, I believe, who read books that they may be able to talk about them. Reading from *any* motive is better than satisfied ignorance, but surely *this* motive is both morally and intellectually unsound. Morally, it is an ostentation, an affectation of an interest you do not feel. Intellectually it is on a par with cram; it

is no more knowledge than what is got up for the purpose of an examination is knowledge. What is read for the sake of reproducing in talk has neither gone to the head nor the heart. When any one says to me in company, "Have you read so-and-so?" I always feel an inclination to answer, "No, I never read anything," for I know the next question will be, "Did you like it?" and there an end. Those who most read books don't want to talk about them. The conversation of the man who reads to any purpose will be flavored by his reading; but it will not be about his reading. The people who read in order to talk about it, are people who read the books of the season because they are the fashion—books which come in with the season and go out with it. "When a new book comes out I read an old one," said the poet Rogers. And Lord Dudley—the great Lord Dudley, not the present possessor of the title—writes to the Bishop of Llandaff: "I read new publications unwillingly. In literature I am fond of confining myself to the best company, which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate. I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable, to read an old book over again than to read a new one for the first time. . . . Is it not better to try to elevate and endow one's mind by the constant study and contemplation of the great models, than merely to know of one's own knowledge that such a book a't not worth reading?" (Lord Dudley's "Letters.") We wear clothes of a particular cut because other people are wearing them. That is so. For to differ markedly in dress and behavior from other people is a sign of a desire to attract attention to yourself, and is bad taste. Dress is social, but intellect is individual: it has special wants at special moments. The tendency of education through books is to sharpen individuality, and to cultivate independence of mind, to make a man cease to be "the contented servant of the things that perish."

Dr. Halley used to recommend reading on medical grounds. He said close study prolonged life by keeping a man out of harm's way. But I never met with any one who acted upon Dr. Halley's advice, and chose to read hard that he might live long. And is there not truth in the opposite doctrine, which Mortimer Collins ("Secret of Long Life," p. 136) inculcates, that "the laziest men live longest"?

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tion, Why *should* we read? This is the most important question of all those which can be raised about books. But I am not to-night presuming to advise you as to what you *should* do. I am only observing our ways with books—recording facts, not exhorting to repentance. Why *do* men read? What is the motive power which causes the flow of that constant supply of new books which flows over at those literary drinking-fountains, Smith's book-stalls?

Making exception of the specialty books—those which we get in order to learn some special subject—there is one, and one only, motive of all this reading—the desire of entertainment. Books are in our day the resource of our leisure; we turn to them in default of better amusement. Of course you will think immediately of the many exceptions which there are to this general statement. But, as I said before, the character of the books offered in the book-market is determined by the nature of the *general* demand. And it is the character of the general literature of the day which fixes our attention at this moment.

In taking the Smith and Mudie counter as the standard of the literature consumed by the English public, I do so because the class of book they supply is the best average class of book going—of “new book.” I do not forget how small a fraction after all of the thirty-four millions of Britons the consumers of books of this class are. We sometimes speak of the readers of this class of book as “the reading public.” But I do not forget that there exists a wider “reading public,” which is below the Smith and Mudie level. Enter a book-shop in a small town in a remote province, and you will find on its counter and shelves a class of literature of a grade so mean that a Smith's book-stall instantly rises fifty per cent. in your imagination. Ask for Thackeray's “Vanity Fair.” The well-dressed young person who attends to the shop never heard of Thackeray. The few books she can offer are mostly children's books—grown people don't seem to read in country places—or they are books of a denominational cast, books which perhaps are called religious, but which are, strictly speaking, about nothing at all, and made up of strings of conventional phraseology. Some of these books, unknown as they are to the reviews, have a circulation which far surpasses anything ever reached by one of our “new books” which has been ushered into the world by complimentary notices in all the papers.

In estimating the intellectual pabulum most relished by my countrymen, I do not forget that “Zadkiel's Almanac” had a circulation of two hundred thousand. Commander Morrison, R.N., who only died as lately as 1874, was perhaps the most successful author of the day, and a great authority on astrology. He wrote, among other books, one entitled, “The Solar System as it is, and not as it is represented by the Newtonians.” He brought an action against Sir Edward Belcher, who had called him in print an impostor. It was tried before Chief Justice Cockburn, and Commander Morrison, who retained Serjeant Ballantyne, obtained damages. The Court of Queen's Bench decided that Zadkiel was not an impostor. The tastes of this widest circle of readers—the two hundred thousand *abonnés* of Zadkiel—are not now under our consideration. We are speaking of the “reading public” in the narrower sense, and of what are called new books. And I was saying that this public reads for amusement, and that this fact decides the character of the books which are written for us.

As amusement I do not think reading can rank very high. When the brain has been strained by some hours' attention to business some form of open-air recreation is what would be hygienically best for it. An interesting game which can be played in the fresh air is the healthiest restorative of the jaded senses. It is a national misfortune that as our great towns have grown up in England there has been no reserve of ground in the public interest. The rich have their fox-hunting and their shooting, their deer-forests and their salmon-rivers. But these are only for the wealthy. Besides, they are pastimes turned into pursuits. What is wanted, in the interest of the humbler classes, is public places of considerable extent, easily accessible, where recreation for an hour or two can be always at hand. After manual labor rest and a book, after desk-work active exercise and a game, are what nature and reason prescribe. As every village should have its village green, so every town should have its one or more recreation grounds, where cricket, fives, tennis, croquet, bowls, can be got at a moment's notice in a wholesome atmosphere, not impregnated by gas, not poisoned by chemical fumes. Our towns are sadly behind in the supply of pleasant places of public resort. The co-operative principle has yet to be applied to open-air amusements. It is surely bad economy of life that in one of our wealth-producing centres

a game of fives should be almost as difficult to get as a salmon-river.

Still, even if these things were to be had, instead of being as they are unprocurable, in the long winter of our northern climate there are many months in the year during which our amusement must be sought indoors. Here come in the social amusements — theatres, concerts, dances, dinners, and the varied forms of social gathering.

It is when all these fail us, and because they do so often fail us, that we have recourse to the final resource of all — reading. Of indoor entertainment the truest and most human is that of conversation. But this social amusement is not, in all circumstances, to be got, and when it is to be had we are not always fit for it. The art of conversation is so little cultivated among us, the tongue is so little refined, the play of wit and the flow of fancy so little encouraged or esteemed, that our social gatherings are terribly stupid and wearisome. Count Pozzo di Borgo, miserable amid the luxurious appliances of an English country house — it is Lord Houghton tells the story ("Monographs," p. 212) — "drew some newly-arrived foreigner into a corner with the eager request, '*Viens donc causer, je n'ai pas causé pour quinze jours.*'" Neither our language nor our temperament favors that sympathetic intercourse, where the feature and the gesture are as active as the voice, and in which the pleasure does not so much consist in the thing communicated as in the act of communication, and still less are we inclined to cultivate that true art of conversation, that rapid counterplay and vivid exercise of combined intelligences, which presupposes long and due preparation of the imagination and the intellect."

Instead of stimulating, we bore each other to the death. It is that we may escape from the terrible ennui of society that we have recourse to a book. We go to read not from craving for excitement, but as a refuge from the *tedium vite*, the irksomeness of herding with uninteresting fellow mortals. The man who is engaged all the morning, and has his faculties stimulated, his intellect edged to keenness by the details of business, cannot, on his return to his fireside, subside into vacuity. He must have something to whittle at. He reads his newspaper as long as he can, and when the newspaper at last gives out, he falls back upon a book. The native of a southern climate who has no business, and whose mind is never roused to exertion, has no such craving. The Italian

noble does without books. He passes his day in listless indolence, content without ideas. There is no vacuity, and therefore no supply of books to fill it.

Here is the key to the character of the literature of our age. Books are a response to a demand. And the demand is a demand for recreation by minds roused to intelligence but not to intellectual activity. The mind of the English reader is not, as in the southern man, torpid, non-existent; it is alive and restless. But it is not animated by a curiosity to inquire, it is not awake to the charm of ideas, it is only passively recipient of images. An idea is an excitant, comes from mind, and calls forth mind. An image is a sedative.

The books, then, which are produced have to meet this mental condition of the reader. They have to occupy his attention without making any call upon his vigilance. There must be no reflex mental action. Meditation is pain. Fresh images must flow as a continuous douche of tepid water over the mind of the reader, which must remain pleased but passive. Books must be so contrived as to produce and sustain this beatific self-forgetfulness. That is called by publishers a successful book which just hits this mental level. To express all I have tried to say in one epithet — a book must be readable. If a book has this quality it does not much matter what it is about. Any subject will answer the purpose if the treatment be agreeable. The book must be so written that it can be read without any force being put upon the attention. It must not require thought or memory. Nor must there be any learned rubbish about. A Latin quotation may be ventured only by an established favorite. Ouida did once hazard "*facilis descensus Avernus*;" but it was ill taken by the critics.

Under these conditions of the public demand, it is not surprising that the species of composition which is most in favor should be prose fiction. In every other style of literary art, prose or poetical, our age looks back to bygone ages for models which it is ever endeavoring to approach, but dare not hope to surpass. In the novel, our age, but especially our own country, may justly boast to have attained a development of inventive power unequalled in the annals of all literature. It is not only that this is the most prolific species of book, more than one novel per working day being given to the world every year, but it is that the most accomplished talent which is at work for the book market is devoted to this class of pro-

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duction. If, as I laid down at the commencement of this lecture, supply is governed by demand, it is clear that this result must be so. Entertainment without mental effort being our requirement, we must have our politics, our history, our travels presented in an entertaining way. But fiction, if taken from every-day life, and not calling upon us for that effort of imagination which is necessary to enable us to realize a past age, is entertainment pure, without admixture of mental strain or hitch of any kind.

For our modern reader it is as necessary that the book should be new as that it should be bound in colored cloth. Your confirmed novel-reader has a holy horror of second perusals, and would rather read any trash for the first time than "Pendennis" or "Pride and Prejudice" for the second. The book must be written in the dialect and grammar of to-day. No word, no construction, no phrase which is not current in the newspaper must be used. A racy and idiomatic style, fed by the habitual reading of our old English literature, would choke the young man who does the literature for the *Daily Telegraph*, and he would issue in "the largest circulation in the world" a complaint that Mr. — seems to write strange English! Our modern reader requires his author's book, as he does his newspaper leader or his clergyman's sermon, to be the echo of his own sentiments. If Lady Flora were to ask me to recommend her a book to read, and I were to suggest Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," do you think she would ever ask my advice again? Or, if I were to mention Trevelyan's "Life of Lord Macaulay," the best biography written since Lockhart's "Life of Scott," she would say, "We had that long ago" (it came out in 1876); "I mean a *new* book."

To a veteran like myself, who have watched the books of forty seasons, there is nothing so old as a new book. An astonishing sameness and want of individuality pervades modern books. You would think they were all written by the same man. The ideas they contain do not seem to have passed through the mind of the writer. They have not even that originality — the only originality which John Mill in his modesty would claim for himself — "which every thoughtful mind gives to its own mode of conceiving and expressing truths which are common property" — ("Autobiography," p. 119). When you are in London step into the reading-room of the British Museum. There is the great manufactory out of which we turn

the books of the season. We are all there at work for Smith and Mudie. It was so before there was any British Museum. It was so in Chaucer's time —

For out of the olde fieldes, as men saythe;
Cometh all this newe corn fro yere to yere,
And out of olde bookes in good faith
Cometh all this newe science that men lere.

It continued to be so in Cervantes' day. "There are," says Cervantes in "Don Quixote" (32), "men who will make you books and turn them loose in the world with as much despatch as they would do a dish of fritters."

It is not, then, any wonder that De Quincey should account it ("Life of De Quincey," i. 385) "one of the misfortunes of life that one must read thousands of books only to discover that one need not have read them," or that Mrs. Browning should say, "The *ne plus ultra* of intellectual indolence is this reading of books. It comes next to what the Americans call whittling." And I cannot doubt that Bishop Butler had observed the same phenomenon which has been my subject to-night when he wrote, in 1729, a century and a half ago (preface to "Sermons," p. 4): "The great number of books of amusement which daily come in one's way, have in part occasioned this idle way of considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of without the pain of attention; neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness, one can scarce forbear saying is spent with less thought, than great part of that which is spent in reading."

MARK PATTISON.

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATTY."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A FENCING MATCH.

FAITH EMMETT had a way of disdain-ing village news; but when the said news or gossip, for village tongues have marvellous power in creating facts, touched any one of the "family," she listened eagerly and brooded anxiously, making for herself an atmosphere of mystery often wholly fallacious while she was resolute against asking the simple question which would have thrown light on her dark suspicions,

and thus have destroyed their existence. She saw the change in Ralph and wept over it in secret, for Faith thought herself a good and pious woman, and swearing was to her as great a sin as drunkenness.

"Mebbe it's worse," she said; "a drunkard hurts himself most, but a swearer speaks devil's words, and mocks his Maker."

But she had no blame for Ralph; she only registered a deep unspoken curse in her heart against the person she considered the cause of all this mischief. Her fierce temper and her pride had always made Faith's life a solitary one. Ralph had been her only friend and confidant, and now she wanted counsel about him. If Mr. Raine would come to the Hall, she thought she must speak to him, for though there was little real sympathy between her and her master's cousin, there was the common ground of love for Ralph.

Faith now was in great perplexity. Three days ago Ralph had gone away quite suddenly. Miss Masham had arrived the day he left, and it seemed to Faith's jealous eyes that both Mr. and Mrs. Burneston thought a great deal too much of their visitor, and made far more fuss in receiving her than had been made for Ralph.

The young squire had gone away while his father was out riding, and Mr. Burneston had looked very angry when he heard of his son's absence.

"T' lad's not a bairn," Faith said to herself, though she longed to say it to the squire; "he'll nut be guided like a lass wad."

And now to-day, just after the Hall dinner, while she sate in her cosy, exquisitely neat parlor, resting her long back against the carving of a tall quaint oak chair, she began to nod to the lullaby buzzed by the bees below the low open casement, for she was very tired after her long morning of jam-making, and the anxious night about her young master which had preceded it.

Faith had resented her deposition from Phil's nursery, but she enjoyed the rest it had given. Spite of her sparseness and activity, she was beginning to feel the pressure of time on her limbs and joints, and this hour of quiet was much prized and rarely broken in upon by any of the household.

But to-day, before the bees had finished their soothing charm, the door opened and the stillroom-maid put in her head.

In an instant Faith sate rigidly upright, her lips firmly pressed together, and her

yellow eyes as open as their long, narrow shape would let them.

"Please, m'm," — the stillroom-maid was from the south, and consequently was a sort of pariah in the opinion of her northern fellows — "here's Sukey Swaddles asking for you."

"Let her come in;" but a grunt of disapprobation followed, and there was no smile of welcome on the housekeeper's dark face when Mrs. Swaddles appeared.

It was Sukey's first visit, and her round blue eyes opened with awe at sight of Mrs. Emmett's orderly, well appointed room. She looked first at the faded Turkey carpet, and then at the fresh chintz curtains, and made a second curtsy to the tall woman, who condescended to smile grimly as she bent her head to the fair-haired sallow.

"Well, Sukey Swaddles, what can I do for you?" Faith asked.

Sukey stared, and pushed her soft fair hair off her flushed face with the palm of her left hand, while the whites of her eyes grew larger and larger. Her ideas, like the rooms in her house, were always in too much confusion to be ready when wanted.

"It's for Missis Duncombe," she said at last in a foolish voice, wondering whether this was the answer expected of her by the stately housekeeper.

Faith's brows knit, and her keen eyes searched the pretty, vacant face.

"An' what call hev yu to meddle wiv Missis Duncombe's affairs? Her gran'-dowghter sud cum an' speak wiv me when aught's wanted. She's nowt to do — mair's the pity, poor thing — but to wait on t' awd lass."

The corners of Sukey's eyes drooped, and her mouth opened widely.

"What are yu hauvin' an' gauvin' at?" said Faith fiercely. "Cannot yey speak, lass?"

"Please, Mistress Emmett, Rase is nane at' hoose, sheea's gehn."

"Gehn!" she struck the table with her hand. "Ye talk fond talk, lass. I saw Rose on Sunday, an' ah spoke with her; she told me she sud bide all t' winter thro' wiv her gran'mother."

Sukey shook her fair, untidy head; she had not much choice of words, but at last she made the housekeeper understand that Rose had gone away suddenly. One of the under-gardeners at the Hall had taken her away in the squire's own dog-cart in the early morning.

Faith questioned and questioned, but she could get no further information, ex-

cept that, on the day but one before Rose's journey, the squire had paid her a visit late in the evening.

"Massy!" she said to herself, "an' what's up noo? What wad Mrs. Burneston say if she kenped it? I mun speak wi' Joseph Sunley; he hes eyes atween his shoulders for t' deecains o' his neeagh-bors."

"Yu can sit yey down, Sukey Swaddles," she said with dignity, as she turned to go to the still-room. "I'll send yey what Mrs. Duncombe needs, an' she can hev mair when that's ended. Sit yu doon, ah tells yu!" She gave a sudden stamp of the foot, which pulled Sukey into the nearest chair with the suddenness with which a string pulls a puppet; Faith walked away.

"Lors," said Sukey, "what a temper she hes o' her ain! It's lahke thunder and leeghtning—it tak yal my wits oot."

But Faith was not angry; she stamped her foot by way of enforcing obedience. Those who knew Faith Emmett better than Sukey did would have dreaded the yellow gleam of her half-closed eyes far more than any show of open anger.

She gave her orders to her cockney subordinate, and then went up and dressed herself, so as to appear with due dignity in the village.

She went slowly up the hill. Sukey's news had startled her greatly, because, instantly in her mind, and without any pre-conceived suspicion, the two young creatures, Ralph and Rose, linked themselves together, and a possibility suggested itself which made Faith tremble and whiten. Only a momentary suggestion; she sneered at herself next minute.

"Nae, nae, I'm a fool; he's nut t' saame as his fayther," she said; "*he* hed a taint o' southren blood fra t' mother, an' one cannut expect mair through a pig than his grunt; but Ralph's mother come o' t' reight breed. Nae fear o' mah lad lettin' hisself doon when he weds. Nae, nae, it cum by a chance 'at he sud hev gehn away t' day efter Rose did."

She passed the closed door of Mrs. Duncombe's cottage. There was no use in screeching herself as hoarse as a raven in making the "awd doited body" hear. She went on and tapped at the sexton's door.

"Cum in," he said gruffly; when she went in the sexton was crouching over his fire, though outside the door the sun was hot and bright.

Joseph had had a severe rheumatic attack in the spring, which, he said, had left

a chronic chill behind it. He walked very lamely now, and his temper was soured by the consciousness of his own infirmity. He grunted as he rose and set a chair for Mrs. Emmett.

"Guid day, neeaghor." Faith seated herself in the chair, which he placed just in front of the fire. "Ah's fain to rest," she said; "but wi' yer guid leave, ah'll sit farder fra t' hearth. Ah's hot wi' walkin'."

"Ay"—Joseph gave her a pitying look, while the corners of his mouth drooped expressively—"mebbe yu feels t' mairch o' time, Missis Emmett; ye're gettin' weel on i' years, lahke t' rest on us, ah's thinkin'."

"Never mind me." Faith smiled, but her eyelids fell unpleasantly. "I've cum tu aks efter yer rheumatiks, Mr. Sunley, an' I've browght yu a bottle o' ginger cordial—mah own brewin', so I knaws it's real guid."

Joseph's back had stiffened at the mention of a gift; he considered himself quite above the round of charities doled out by the housekeeper, for Doris rarely visited the cottages in person; but the end of Faith's sentence mollified his pride.

"Varry kahnd on you; ah'll tak it an' welcome, neeaghor, nobbut yu mun taste a glass o' sherry wahne, an' swallo' a morsel o' seed-caake;" he got up and limped to a three-cornered cupboard on one side of the window.

"Rase hes made t' caake afore she ganned," he said; "ah'd nivvers ha' thowt 'at Rase wad turn sae handy, shee war bud a thrilblous lass one while."

"Where's she gehn?" Faith said in an every-day tone, though she looked at him keenly. It was some time since she had exchanged more than a chance Sunday greeting with Joseph Sunley, and she had forgotten his singular quickness. He returned her glance as searchingly as it had been given.

"What fer diz yu aks, neeaghor? T' lass cums an gehs; it's nut t' forst tahme by mair 'an yance 'at Rase Duncombe hes turned her back on Burneston. Shee's nut ane tu bahde i' t' hoose; shee's fluff about her still, nobbut shee's steaded in a m'rac'lous way."

Faith was not listening; she sat taking counsel with herself whether there was a chance of finding out what she wanted without taking Sunley into her confidence; it was a struggle to give up her favorite method of gaining intelligence, and to be direct and open, but as she looked into the hard, acute little eyes fixed intently on

her face, she felt powerless to baffle the sexton. Fencing with him now was waste of time.

"I's fain to hear it," she said then with a little cough; "Maister Sunley, I b'lieve t' squire's sent t' lass away, an' I thinks yu ken t' reason o' her goin'."

The old man laughed, his eyes closed, and his network of wrinkles looked browner than ever as he pushed his lower lip up over his upper one.

"Ah kens mitch 'at ah meecans tu keep fer mysel', Missis Emmett, bud ah can tell yu sae mitch as this, donnut yu fash yurself 'bout t' squire's deecain's; he's reet eneeaf tu send t' lass aways."

"While Master Ralph's at home, yes;" she would not move a muscle, but a gleam of triumph shot from her yellow eyes at the sexton's change of countenance; for an instant his discomfiture showed, but he soon recovered himself.

"Hes t' squire said sae, Missis Emmett?" he looked incredulous, "then mebbe he's tellt yu wheer t' lass is gane tu?" He shut his eyes till they made thin lines.

"It's nut fer me to tittle-tattle, Maister Sunley; as yu say, fooaks cooms an' they gans; there's Maister Ralph was here o' Monday an' gane o' Tuesday, an' nane o' yan kens where tiv."

Joseph shook his head. He keenly enjoyed the power of tormenting his fellow-creatures, more keenly perhaps since his rheumatism had interfered with his usual amusements by keeping him in doors.

"Ah kens nowt about t' yung squire's ways. Yance he was yalays coomin' oop here; t'waaz Joseph this an' Sunley t'ither, bud noo," he lost his watchful self-control as he got angry, "asteead o' fishin' ur rabbitin' he'll spend his tahme litter-latterin' efter t' lasses; he's anoder sort tus his fayther, mahnd ye that, missis."

"Posh," she spoke, angrily, too, "he's all reet; he may lanter away his tahme as ye say he diz, bud he'd nivver do as his fayther did, set a lass fra t' village ower her betters—nae, nae. Ralph's a true Burneston an' his mudher war a lady, sheea war that," then she checked herself and laughed.

Joseph's face had gone back to its usual mocking expression. "Sheea war nut sae bonny as t' new missis," he said, screwing his eyes so as to watch the anger he expected.

But Faith was on guard.

"Missis Burneston's looks are not t' be matched," she said loftily, "if they war, t' squire'd been clean fond, but beauty seems

tu hev power even ovver kings ever sin' t' tahme o' David an' Bathsheba; but coom, Maister Sunley, nobbut I thowt yu an awd frind, ah'd nut hev clahmbed t' hill iv sike a swelter; we baith wish well to t' lad and t' lass; tell me noo, hev yu seen Maister Ralph wiv t' lass?"

Joseph looked impenetrable.

"Ah cannot see through stone walls, missis, an' ye'll nobbut be guided ye'll nut mak sae mony questions. Ah telled yu t' squire waaz reet tu send Rase aways. T' lass is reet an' guid, bud it's reet tu keep presarves on a heigh shelf, yey kens, when t' lads is aboot t' hoose."

CHAPTER XL.

A STRUGGLE.

ON her way across the court, Mrs. Emmett learnt that the young squire had returned. This was a great relief to the troubled woman, and next morning, to her surprise, she saw Ralph on the lawn fronting the river with Rica Masham. The prayer-bell had not gone, it was only a little past eight o'clock, and as a rule Ralph was a very late riser.

Faith watched them from the window with a satisfied smile.

"I kenned I war reet. Nobbut he'd cared fer Rose he'd nut ha' cared to be wi' yan miss, an' he's fair set on her," she went on, craning her long neck out of window as the two passed out of sight round the angle of the house.

If she could have listened to Ralph's talk, and seen his manner at breakfast, she would have been confirmed in this idea. Ralph seemed transformed; he had not been in such a bright, pleasant mood since his return from France. He even spoke easily and pleasantly to Mrs. Burneston.

Last night he had felt grateful for Rica's mere presence. It saved him from embarrassing questions, and also from the restraint which he felt now with his father as well as with his stepmother. In his brief colloquy with Rose on the moor he had learned his father's interference. He returned home vowing to be revenged on Doris for her meddling, for it seemed to him that she only could have told the squire; but the novelty of finding a young visitor at the hall, and the piquancy he found in Rica's quaint freshness soothed his facile temper, and reconciled him for the time to the dulness of the house.

"You must stay here as long as I do," he said; "that is to say, if you don't find us too dull."

Rica looked up with her bright, amused

smile. "It's I who have to fear that," she said; "I have nothing to talk about, because I've seen nothing and nobody but home and my people—we are a large family, you know, and I—but do I bore you? let us talk of something else." She stopped short and looked inquiringly at Ralph. Her face glowed with health, and her large round grey eyes were full of happiness—not sparkling, for in repose Rica's eyes were pensive rather than bright, but when she was excited or happy the pupils dilated and became liquid with intense expression. Ralph looked at her admiringly.

"Yes, very much," he laughed, "but I'm a remarkable person too. Do you know, I like being bored? But I say, Miss Masham, will you come into the garden now, and I'll show you which are the best gooseberry-trees, as you say you care for gooseberries so much."

He made a grimace at her taste, and opened the door for her.

"Won't you come with us, Doris?" Rica said to Mrs. Burneston, for they were in her sitting-room.

"No, dear, I'm busy," Doris said abruptly, and they went.

Mrs. Burneston sat still after they left her; her straight dark brows had the stern look that Ralph's presence, and even the thought of Ralph, seemed always now to bring to them, and the blue veins showed more plainly than ever on her delicate temples. "How small-minded and contemptible I am! Why do I dislike him to be with Rica? She may do him good. She has a healthy influence, I can feel it myself; I am always brighter and happier for being with her, only"—she got up and began to walk slowly up and down—"she seemed very ready to go with Ralph—will she get to care for him really? Will she—shut up here with no one else? She *shall* not get to like him better than George," and the beautiful eyes lightened with sudden anger.

The dressing-room between her bedroom and the little boudoir in which she sat was now given up to Phil, and she heard him trying to open the door. The sudden joy in her face sent all her cares adrift.

"Why, Phil, darling," she bent down and kissed him, "I didn't know you were in. Come, my pet!"

He came forward slowly, not with his usual bound into her lap, as she seated herself to receive him.

"Why, Phil," she said, "what is it? Aren't you well, darling?"

But though she put her arm round him, Phil did not nestle fondly against her; he returned her kisses and then stood silent, very lovely, lovelier than ever, with his mother's pensive expression on his delicate face—usually it was so full of sunny mirth that it was difficult to say which parent the child resembled most, but in this quiet mood he was singularly like Doris—the small straight nose and the firmly-moulded lips and chin were exactly his mother's.

"Tell mamma," she said, softly between her kisses, "why Phil doesn't laugh today."

It was a pity that George could not see his sister's loving solicitude; he could not have believed that Doris could so entirely project herself into the mind of any other human being. She had taken so little notice of children in the days they were together, that he had often wondered how she would endure having a child of her own.

Phil pressed his round lips tighter, then all at once he raised his sweet dark eyes earnestly to his mother's face.

"Is oo anybody, mamma?"

"What do you mean, darling?" a sudden fear had darted into her mind; some one, Ralph possibly—yes, it must be Ralph, there was no one else—had been disturbing the child's baby mind. She stroked his forehead, puckered up with the frown that had gathered there.

"Don't frown; tell mamma all about it."

Phil gave her a quick, uneasy glance, then he nestled his head against her.

"Faith says"—Doris felt a hot glow rise in her face at the name; the housekeeper's influence was an evil she had not dreaded; since Faith's removal from the nursery, his mother had more than once congratulated herself, as she watched Phil's rapid mental development, that the housekeeper had no longer a chance of making mischief—"she says I'se not to tell anybody; is oo anybody, mamma?"

A tempest of anger, one of the rare but strong risings of feeling which affected Doris, swept over her. She grew white, and her hands clenched as she pressed the child closely to her bosom.

"Phil!" at the hoarse sound he looked up in sudden wonder, and Doris tried to clear and steady her voice. "You must always tell me everything, darling; it's very naughty to have secrets from mamma."

He drew himself away and stood upright, stiff and silent as a little statue.

His mother looked puzzled, and then she smiled.

"Tell me, Phil," she spoke gently, "tell mamma."

The child shook his head.

"I doesn't love oo," he said passionately; "oo said I was naughty, an' I wasn't. Oo's naughty to tell a tory."

She folded her arms round the little unyielding figure. "I made a mistake, darling; tell me what is it. 'Anybody' can never mean mamma. Phil always tells me everything."

The little face cleared into a lovely smile. "It's gran'mamma," he said, the perplexed look creasing his forehead again. "Faith says that gran'mamma's not a lady. Isn't she?"

Doris pressed her lips together.

"Faith is silly," she said at last; then with an effort, "you love gran'mamma, don't you, Phil?"

"Oh, yes; I love her like this," he put both arms round her neck and kissed her fondly; "an' Faith says I must love this gran'mamma best," he pointed to old Mrs. Burneston's picture.

"You must love this gran'mamma too," said Doris, "because she was papa's mother, and she loved papa as I love you, darling."

Phil shook his head discontentedly.

"But it's not a gran'mamma, it's a picture. I tant love a picture," he said; "it doesn't kiss me, nor play with me, nor nothing; an' my Cairn gran'mamma is a lady, isn't she? Is you a lady or a woman, mamma? What is a lady?"

Doris had rarely felt so thankful as she felt now to see the door open.

Her husband came in, followed by George. But she was too much absorbed by her own annoyance at Phil's disclosure, to see that George looked strangely agitated, and that her husband also seemed troubled.

Phil ran forward eagerly to his uncle and stood clasping his knees and looking up in his face, even after George had bent down to kiss him.

Uncle George was to Phil a bit of the Cairn, and the Cairn, with its homely outdoor life and absence of all nursery restrictions, was paradise to the child, who loved to ramble on the moor with his grandfather's big collie or to feed his grandmother's chickens far better than his restricted walks in the garden at Burneston.

"Come with me, Phil," his father said; "Uncle George wants to talk to mamma."

Phil shook his head and turned away, so as not to see his father's outstretched hand.

"An' I wants Uncle George;" he tightened his clasp and looked appealingly at his uncle.

Doris was going to speak and then she checked herself. She looked at her husband; she thought this was a good opportunity for him to exercise the fatherly authority he had so neglected in Ralph's education.

"Come along, Phil;" Mr. Burneston smiled, and patted the little fellow's head. "There's the donkey at the door waiting to take Phil a ride, the saddle has come at last."

Phil gave a cry of delight, even Uncle George was forgotten in the thought of the donkey; he had ridden at the Cairn, but only in front of his grandfather, and he had been looking forward with much eager excitement to the arrival of the little saddle on which he had been promised a real ride by himself.

He put his little hand in his father's, and pulled him to the door.

"Come along, papa! Come along quick," he said, then over his shoulder — "mamma, come and see me ride."

But Doris did not smile. She was vexed and disappointed.

"That is just the way he managed Ralph, I fancy," she thought. "He finds it is easier to bribe a child's obedience than to enforce it, and Ralph has never learned to obey; he knows no law but that of self-gratification."

"Doris!" there was so much pain in George's voice that she roused, and, looking at him, saw how pale he was, and how sunken and colorless his eyes had grown.

"Is anything wrong?" she said quickly. She put her hand to her heart; a sudden pang had come to her that George had brought bad news of her father.

"Yes, very wrong," then seeing how white she grew, he put his hand on her arm, and his voice had a tender tone, "but not about what you think, dear; it's about Rose. She was with us at t' Cairn, an' now she's fled away."

"Gone away!" Doris felt shocked. "Oh George, you don't mean to say Ralph came to the Cairn after her?"

George flushed to his hair, then he frowned.

"You're always ower hard on Ralph, Doris. Mebbe, if you'd take to him more kindly, he'd not find t' house so dull, an' he'd not be driven to folly. You sud let bygones be bygones. If I can forgive him, you should."

"I'm not hard on Ralph — if you knew

all you'd not say so. Are you sure he does not know where Rose is?"

George shook his head.

"You're very hard on t' lad; tho' he hes acted a fool's part an' made misery for all, he's but a lad, mind yu. Nobbut it's not 'at I should blame yu, lass, for I thought such harm on him mysel' that I went down to t' little inn to see what had chanced; but you may be at rest. When I got there I learned he'd started off on horseback for Steersley before I got there; he must ha' ridden pretty hard to get back here as soon as he did."

"Where's Rose, then?" she asked.

"I cannot tell yu yet, lass. I came to t' village first on t' chance o' findin' if she'd gone home, and then I came on to see you all. Now I must go back to Steersley, t' squire thinks I may hear news there. I'll never leave seekin' after her till she's found, you may be sure of that, Doris."

Doris hesitated. Then she said coldly, "Let her go, George, and try to forget her. She's not worth your thoughts. She'll never make you happy after this."

"I shall never forget her." There was a struggle how he should answer, and he flushed painfully. Then he said, with coldness equal to his sister's, "Doris, I shall marry Rose if she will have me."

He walked to the window and looked out: beneath was little Phil on his donkey, laughing with delight as Ralph and Rica fastened roses into the front of the creature's bridle.

George stood watching them for a few minutes and then he turned to Doris.

"You are very wise to have Miss Masham here," he said. "Look at them. They seem admirably suited to one another — mebbe she'll do him good. She's a safe, wise friend for him."

"Oh George! when you know what I wish about Rica!"

A mingling of pity and sorrow shone in his eyes; he felt the tenderest pity for this struggling soul, which must regulate things by its own will, and could trust nothing to a wiser, more loving hand; and deep sorrow, too, for the blindness in which his sister lived. Every time he had appealed to her, on any higher ground than that of mere human reason, she had either smiled or turned away in wearied silence. For some time he had left her in peace, only striving to help her by his prayers, but at this appeal he spoke.

"You are clever, and wise, too, Doris," he said; "but you lack one sort of wisdom; you forget we can't *make* things go as we wish. God settles it all." She put

up her hand in protest. "Do not be feared, lass," he said, "there's no sermon comin'; but I want to say one thing, and let it end the matter: if me an' your friend were the last man and woman living we'd never wed. We're not matched — so there now. I may nivver wed Rose; but I'll nivver give up loving her."

There was a pause. Doris tried hard to keep in her feelings.

"I'll say good-bye," her brother said; he kissed her without waiting for a reply, but she recovered herself.

"Good-bye, George. I must tell you what I think, and that is, that about Rose you are very foolish."

He nodded and smiled, and left her, but the set look on his face quenched her hopes.

For some minutes she stood thinking, her hands clasped in front of her waist.

Presently she said, "That boy Ralph has no heart; he means to trifle with Rica as he has trifled with Rose; but I need not be afraid. I'm sure Rica will only laugh at him — still there must be no chance of it. I will write to Mr. Raine and ask him here. Philip said he and Rica were just suited."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THREE WEEKS WITH THE HOP-PICKERS.*

A HOP-GARDEN with the pickers at work is a pretty, idyllic sight, and the looker-on, perhaps, finds his pleasure enhanced by the reflection that many of those he sees are having an "outing" from the great smoky city where they live.

The spirit of gregarious vagabondage is more noticeable among the lower classes in London than elsewhere. The number of cockneys swayed by it is really astonishing. Thousands quit the metropolis for the neighboring counties during the hay-making season. Other thousands leave it for the corn harvest. Large numbers defer their visit until the potato-digging season sets in. But by far the greatest multitude — not less than forty thousand strong — hastens down to the Kentish hop-fields during the month of September.

I had heard much of the manners and customs of these various hordes, of the enthusiasm with which they rushed into the country, of the delight which they took in gipsy life, and of their perfect in-

* [We have reason to believe that this is a genuine narrative of facts. — Ed.]

difference for the time being to all the usages and conventions of civilization. I had heard, in fact, that in Kent and elsewhere, but particularly in Kent, they threw off all restraint, and lived almost in the condition of Hottentots. I determined to study the ways of the most important of these hordes of metropolitan vagabonds — the hop-pickers — in the only way in which it seemed to me it could be studied fairly, as one of themselves. I made up my mind to go down to Kent in one of the trains set apart for these people, to work among them during the season, to live among them precisely as they lived — in short, to see everything connected with hop-picking from a picker's point of view. I performed my purpose.

At ten minutes past twelve on the morning of Friday, September 7, I entered the London Bridge station of the South-Eastern Railway. The hoppers' train — fare two shillings — was to start at two o'clock, the travellers being at liberty to get out at any of the six or seven stations, Tunbridge the last. A large number of hoppers were in the station, and they continued trooping in until the train started. Most of them carried a few cooking-utensils, and many of them bundles of bedding. There were men, women, and children — shoals of children, of all ages, from a month old upwards.

The experienced hop-pickers travel in parties, by families and groups of families. Also, people living in the same neighborhood congregate together, and travel to the same destination. This particular train was to bear some hundreds of residents in the "Borough" to Maidstone; a body from Poplar was going to East Farleigh; a mass from Bermondsey was bound for Watlingbury; one from Shadwell was on its way to Paddock Wood.

The hopper generally returns to the farm on which he has spent his first season. Just before the picking commences he writes to the farmer, states the number of his party, and asks for a certain number of "bins." The farmer replies, and thus an engagement is formed before the picker with his family and friends leaves London. In many instances a single member is sent forward in the first place to see how matters stand on the hop-ground, and the remainder follow or not, according to his report. New hands who wish to obtain an engagement usually attach themselves to one of these parties before they start, otherwise their chance of employment is but small. Still, every train carries individuals who go at

haphazard — people for the most part who know nothing whatever of hop-picking — generally solitary individuals. The writer was one.

The gathering at the station was noisy. "Chaff" was continually exchanged on all sides. It was good-humored, and not particularly offensive to unaccustomed ears, for which latter there was a reason. The mob was as yet under the supervision of porters and policemen, but the moment the restraint was removed the "chaff" changed character, and became gross in the extreme. It was so in the train, and so it continued on the hop-ground.

Under no circumstances can a London mob refrain from "chaff." Whatever its condition, and whatever the occasion, it is always the same. The half-famished casuals at a workhouse door on a wild winter evening "chaff" one another, just as used to do the crowds who assembled to witness a "hanging," or those who still gather to see an illumination.

Judging from appearances one would have set down the whole crowd as belonging to the lowest class — as composed of the scourings of the slums. No greater mistake could have been made. Such beings were there, and too many of them, but they were far from forming a majority. I was soon to discover that it is as customary with working families of comparative respectability to go "a hopping" in September as it is for members of another section of society to go to the moors, the seaside, Switzerland, and Norway, and for similar reasons — relaxation and health.

I was to find also, that no inconsiderable portion of the crowd had another motive which few of them cared to avow. It was this — a hopping expedition afforded ample scope for certain indulgences of which I shall have to write a little later.

One peculiarity of the hop-pickers caused me some surprise. Here were scores of wives who carried with them the whole family, from the baby at the breast to the grown-up son and daughter, while the husband and father remained at work in town.

I observed a number of youths from twelve to fourteen sitting through the crowd, entreating some one to take them with them into Kent, and offering their services in return. These were evidently runaways from home attracted by glowing accounts of life at the hop-fields. Most of them were well dressed; and the greater number obtained their wish, for a willing

lad is very serviceable in many ways to a grown-up picker.

Among the crowd there was a sprinkling, but only a sprinkling, of those who sought the hop-fields from absolute necessity. There were a few clerks long out of employment, a few paupers who had just discharged themselves from the work-house, and a few thieves fresh from prison or unfortunate of late in their profession. I took some notice of these people in Kent, and found that, without exception, they were altogether useless as pickers. Some of them had not even perseverance enough to obtain an engagement, and the others were either discharged after a day or two as worthless, or took themselves off in a brief space because altogether incapable of sticking steadily to anything.

There was another class of hop-pickers that I must not omit to mention. It consisted of males and females, mostly young, who had formed temporary connections, and who were going down to Kent to live as husband and wife during the hopping month—to separate on their return to town. The women were machinists, tailoresses, and charwomen—with a very few of the distinctly disreputable. The men were chiefly skilled mechanics who had given up lucrative employments for a month of Bohemian life.

Unusual precautions had been taken by the railway authorities with respect to the hop-pickers. The band of porters and policemen on duty was strengthened, and an office for the issue of tickets had been constructed of stout planks for the occasion. Here, however, there was less tumult and bustling than may be observed any day at the first-class ticket-window of any station previous to the departure of a train. There was plenty of time, and the mob was good-humored and on its best behavior. At the proper hour the hoppers were passed through a narrow door to the train in which they were to travel. Here they gave up their tickets, being left at liberty to get out at any of the stations where the train was to stop.

At last, after a delay of two hours, which however were by no means weary hours to me, we were in motion. All this time the "chaff," of which I have already made mention, had been going on; but the moment we were clear of the station it developed into the form which it was to retain all through the hopping season. That form was coarser and far bolder in obscenity and filth than anything of the kind that had ever before come under my notice. The most naked terms invented by pruri-

ence and vice were used on all sides, and, I regret to write, by the women and girls far more than by the men and boys. It was peculiar to no age. Over and over again have I heard children of five and six apply the same horrible epithets to their parents that the latter applied to one another and to their children in their anger. But I shall be obliged to say more of this presently. It had one effect on myself. I had intended to alight at Maidstone with the mass of the pickers, but so foul-mouthed had I found them, that in sheer disgust I rode on past Maidstone and two other stations—East Farleigh and Watlington. By the time the last mentioned station was left behind the occupants of the carriages had become few and very quiet. I quitted the train at Yalding about half past four in the morning.

Here I found myself in a predicament. I knew absolutely nothing of the hop country, and nothing of hop-picking. I asked myself how was I to obtain the engagement I wanted? I resolved to attach myself to a group and share its fortunes. But the resolve was far more easily formed than carried out. The two or three with whom I left the station allowed me to accompany them to the town from which it takes its name, some mile and a half away by the field path. On the road, however, they found that I was altogether new to the business on which they as well as myself were bent, and with that jealousy of intruders on their profession, which marks the lowest class everywhere, gave me the cold shoulder so unmistakably that I was compelled to quit them.

There was nobody stirring at Yalding when I passed through the town, except a baker intent on doing business with the hoppers. From him I learnt that few hop-farmers had begun picking there, that these few were abundantly supplied with hands, and that the remaining farmers would not commence before the following Monday. He recommended me to try East Farleigh, and designated the route, which I took. By the time I reached this place it was clear to me that I should never obtain an engagement if I continued to search for one alone. Here and there, too, I obtained bits of information, until by about twelve o'clock my knowledge of the theory of hop-picking was tolerably complete.

At East Farleigh I sought to obtain employment with the Messrs. Ellis, the largest hop-farmers in that quarter—men who have a high and well-deserved reputation with the pickers. They, however,

like all the better employers, were already sufficiently stocked with hands, who presented by far the best appearance of any company that I saw in Kent, and the women were neat and modest-looking.

A mile or two farther on, at a short distance from Maidstone, was a hop-ground avoided by all good hop-pickers on account of the evil repute of its owner. He was especially notorious for unjust "measure," a term to be explained hereafter. Here I determined to apply; but even here there was no vacancy. As it turned out, far more pickers than were wanted had left London this year for Kent, the result being a good deal of misery. Some scores of the unemployed subsisted on alms at Maidstone for a week or more. It was the same elsewhere.

At this place I picked up a companion. He was a Londoner of a type that I did not like, full of the superficial sharpness of your low cockney, with gait, features, tone, and expression all bespeaking the picaroon. He had walked from London, like many another, spending two days and a night in the journey. According to his own account he was an experienced picker. I proposed that we should try fortune together. He assented, influenced no doubt by the fact that I had some food and the means of procuring more, while he was altogether destitute.

I saw no danger in this companionship. I was the stronger man; knew how to take care of myself in rough company; was not at all likely to be tempted into devious courses by such a person; on the contrary, I felt in a few minutes that I had acquired a moral supremacy over him. At the same time I was determined to watch him closely and to interrupt him very quickly and decidedly should he venture to attempt any ugly practice. He would be useful in enabling me to obtain an engagement. I would deal with him afterwards as he deserved.

It was now a little past noon. I proposed that we should try another quarter. A few queries were put to passengers, who suggested as the most likely Sutton Valence—one of four or five Suttons that lie in a circle six or seven miles from Maidstone, and eight from where we stood. My comrade would have preferred waiting in Maidstone the chance of an employer seeking hands, but of this I would not hear. He was a choice sample of the listless, wait-for-something-turning-up loungers who haunt the street corners of the lower quarters of London.

We started at once, passing through

Maidstone. Here my companion was recognized, and hailed by one of a group that sat on a doorstep. It was a group so characteristic of hop-picking that I must describe it. It consisted of two women, two girls, and three babies. One of the women, about thirty, was dissipated-looking and dirty, and her baby, about eight months old, a poor, withered-looking, sickly thing. This woman was separated from her husband, and led a disreputable life in London; she was going to Sutton Valence, whither some relatives and acquaintances had preceded her. The other was a younger woman, some twenty-four or thereabouts and of a very different type. She was neat, well-dressed, well-nourished, and modest. With her were her children, one three years old, the other a baby born only twenty-four days before! But babies as young were not unusual on the hop-farms. I saw several. With this woman was her sister, a girl of fifteen, and another girl of twelve, the daughter of a neighbor, whose fare she had paid, and whom she was to maintain during the hop-picking, to whose services therefore she had acquired a right. Besides the children, the younger woman had a bag of bedding, which was not a light one, and a set of cooking-utensils. These things the party had carried from the railway station, about half a mile. They were sitting in a helpless, hopeless state, when we happened to pass. Neither of the women had any money, and how they were to reach their destination was more than they could say. Our arrival, however, released them from their difficulty. My companion and myself carried the bedding and the child of three to Sutton. I must allow that it was about the weariest walk I ever had.

On the way I had another specimen of the female hop-picker's tongue. The coarser woman "chaffed" every man she met in the grossest manner, and was imitated by the girls, but the younger woman never joined in the ribaldry. She was one of those who had left husbands at work in London, and was on her way to join her parents, who had left town a few days before.

Our destination was reached at last. Here, and at three or four other places in the same quarter, my companion and myself applied in vain for employment. He was altogether dispirited, and would have abandoned the search long before had he been alone; I, however, was determined to succeed, and bore down his opposition.

At last, about seven o'clock in the evening, when we were both thoroughly worn

out, we obtained an engagement at East Sutton. On this particular farm picking had commenced the Monday before. But the owner, like most owners in that quarter, had a bad repute as an employer. Indeed, many of his hoppers had "struck" on the Wednesday before, and the vacancies had not been filled up, and here, therefore, every applicant was gladly received.

Work being over for the day, we were directed to the "encampment," or "hop-houses," as are termed the lodgings which the hop-farmer is required to provide for his hands. These were situated in a large pasture field, and consisted of every sort of structure used by hop-farmers. There were three barn-like structures. Two of them were of two stories each, the lower story being of brick, and the upper, with the exception of the gables, of wood. The lower stories were divided into compartments, each having a door of its own width and length, but nothing in the shape of a window. The doors being shut at night, rendered them oppressively hot during the first weeks of September. Each compartment was intended for the occupation of a single family. The upper story of the "hop-house" formed one large room, and was reached by a ladder from the outside. It also was occupied by families. Next to the "hop-houses" were the "straw huts," of which there were three. These were long, low structures, with a framework of hurdles of the kind used for sheep-pens. Five hurdles planted in a line, some eighteen inches deep in the ground, formed a side. The roof was also of hurdles, supported on the sides, and meeting at an angle at the top. It was thatched with straw, and the sides were filled in with the same material. The ends were closed with canvas, stretched on a light framework. Each end had a rude door, which it was impossible to close tightly. In consequence there was a draught through, which kept the places healthy, but rendered them exceedingly uncomfortable during the colder nights. Besides the "hop-houses" and "straw huts," there were a number of tents, well constructed, and properly pitched with one exception — there was no trench round any of them.

All these places — "hop-houses," "straw huts," and tents — were littered with straw to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet. On this straw those who had bedding spread it; and those who had none — as the writer — slept in their clothes, taking off nothing but their boots and using their coats as blankets. There

were others who borrowed pokes, or hop-sacks, without leave, into which they crept at night *in puris naturalibus*, and then buried themselves in the straw.

There was what was called a cooking-house — a low building with large doors at each end, containing eight huge fireplaces. There were fireplaces too at the ends of the hop-houses. These, however, were by no means sufficient; so the company lit half a dozen other fires every night and morning in the various parts of the encampment, suspending their kettles from sticks. These fires in the open gave the field a romantic appearance as the evening darkened, with the dark figures flitting round them in the red glare.

The hop-farmer provided fuel in the shape of faggots and small coal. As to other accommodation, there was little or none. The only provision for washing was a small square cistern about two feet in diameter, through which a thread of water ran. The surface was at least a foot below the bank, and not to be reached without kneeling. In a day or two a scum of soap and filth gathered upon the water and thickened hourly. The majority of the pickers therefore, myself being one, avoided "the well," as the place was called, and went to various convenient spots in the course of a small stream which ran some three-quarters of a mile from the encampment. Water for drinking and cooking had to be brought from Sutton Valence, more than a mile distant, or from the hop-farmer's house nearly as remote. There were wells much nearer — one for each group of cottagers; but these the cottagers kept locked during the hop-picking. The latrines were shamefully inadequate, and always in a disgusting state.

Such was the encampment in which with more than a hundred others, I lived for three weeks. There were a few better and a great many much worse.

I have stated that the "hop-houses" were appropriated to families. So was one of the "straw huts." Another straw hut was tenanted by single men; here I slept. The third was occupied by families, single men and single women indiscriminately. One or two of the tents held a family apiece; the remainder were filled as the third hut.

In one tent there were five men and one single woman. This woman was one of the characters of the encampment. She was not more than twenty-seven, and in other days and different circumstances she must have been beautiful. Her beauty, how-

ever, was of the most sensuous type. Slightly under the middle height; long curling brown hair and plenty of it; round and rather large head; regular features of the Greek type; rich dark olive complexion; figure, as full as consisted with grace; carriage that would have done honor to any ball-room. Such was the person of "Ellen," the only name by which she was known. It was evident that she had been highly educated. Her voice was low and cultivated, her language choice, and now and then a French or an Italian phrase would slip from her tongue. There was a slight remnant of old taste in her dress and of old modesty in her manners. Her complexion was just beginning to show the first trace of fading, and her features and figure were on the verge of that expansion which is called bloatedness. In a very little time Ellen's beauty will be a thing of the past. She occupied her tent by preference, a thing she did not attempt to conceal or excuse. On the contrary, there were times when she made a boast of it. She drank deeply and with every one who would invite her, but she was never drunk in the common acceptation of the word; she only became communicative — revoltingly so to any one save an habitual hop-picker.

"The only difference between women," she would say with bitter emphasis, "is that some are more cunning and hypocritical than others. I am one of the bold ones. I do not care the value of a pin what the world thinks of me. My own sex I know and despise; with the other sex I can do as I please, and mean to do as I please, so long as my good looks and my youth shall last." "And then?" "Sufficient to the morrow is the evil thereof. I live only for the present, and never bother my head about the future. And pray am I to be blamed for my way of thinking and acting? I did not make myself."

I describe Ellen because she is a representative woman. The class to which she belongs is not indeed a large one, but it is a class, and an exceedingly dangerous one. In the course of wide experience I have met various specimens. I may state for the benefit of the anthropologist, that, in person, they were all cast in the same mould; they had heads of similar shape, similar features, and complexion, the like figure, and the same temperament. Singularly enough, every one of them was accustomed to pronounce the same opinion of her sex as Ellen. The career of these women, so far as I observed it, was invariably the same: a youth of wild indul-

gence, a maturity wherein indulgence and interest were equally sought, men being victimized and women led to their ruin without the smallest compunction, and in most cases with exceeding skill, just to gratify the selfishness of the terrible creature; and a decline equally grasping and ascetic. Such women as Ellen, providing their constitutions remain unsapped by early excesses, not seldom pass their later years in ease and ostentatious piety.

I was so tired that I entered the hut designated for my lodging with a feeling of thankfulness, and throwing myself on the straw fell at once into a sound sleep, which continued unbroken till morning. Roused by the bustle of my fellow-lodgers, I "shook myself together," as one of them recommended, and went in search of a lavatory, which I found in a neighboring ditch, being as yet unacquainted with the locality, and therefore unaware of the existence of the stream already mentioned. The "well" I had seen to shrink from the night before.

I was up betimes at the picking ground, half an hour or more before the signal was given for work. A very primitive sort of signal it was, made by a man grunting hoarsely — nobody could call it blowing — through a cow's horn. I have heard many queer sounds in my time, but that was about the most ludicrously inartistic that ever puzzled my ears. In comparison the bray of a donkey is harmony itself. And yet I was gravely informed that this same signal is in all respects identical with the one with which Hengist was accustomed to urge his followers in the battle, and dear, therefore, to all true Kentish yeomen.

Here I may sketch the appearance of a hop-field in September, for the benefit of those readers who have never seen one. The hop-poles are planted in long straight rows, reaching from one end of the field to the other. These poles are about fifteen feet in height, and of two sorts, the light and the heavy. The lighter poles are planted by threes and fours, the heavier by twos. The rows stand about four feet apart; the groups of poles in each row about three. Thus the field is traversed in all directions by a number of long straight avenues. The hop plant, a creeper, climbs each pole with three or four stems, from which depend a number of short branches, thickly covered with dark green leaves. The hops grow chiefly at the top of the pole, whence they hang in bunches — yellow or russet, according to their ripeness, and often of such weight

as to bend the poles. These bunches diminish in number, weight, and value towards the base of the pole, where the plant is leafiest. The foliage of the hop-field is pleasant enough to the eye; but when the novelty wears off, as it soon does, one feels all the tameness, monotony, and formality of the arrangement.

The picking is done in this way. The hop-grower provides a number of "bins," ten to sixty or more, according to the extent of his farm; the time spent in picking everywhere being about the same, three weeks to a month, whether the farm be large or small. The "bin" consists of a light wooden framework, about eight feet in length, which opens and shuts like what is called a scissors bedstead. To this is fastened the "bin-cloth," which, when the bin is pitched and opened, forms the receptacle into which the hops are picked, and is capable of containing twenty-six to thirty bushels. Each bin is divided into two equal parts by a piece of canvas fastened to the bottom and sides, and is worked by two grown-up pickers, who may be assisted by children. The poles are laid across the bin, and the hops picked in as fast as the skill of the picker will allow, and with as little admixture of leaf as possible. The perfection of hop-picking is to be quick and clean. Much time is lost by picking too carefully, and at least as much by rough picking, for the superfluous leaves have always to be sifted from the crops previous to every "measure." This is the most disagreeable part of the work, and the most trying to new hands.

Besides the pickers, there are the "pole-pullers," or "bin-men." The common proportion is one puller to every five bins, but grinding farmers break the rule as often as they can in their own favor, and add another bin. The pickers are paid by the bushel; the pole-puller receives a fixed daily wage. He has the command of the company for which he pulls, and may employ his spare time in picking with his wife or a friend.

The companies are so arranged in the field as to remain stationary for a day. A certain number of poles before and behind him is assigned to each picker. Should he be slow, the quicker hands of the company take his poles as they finish their own.

The poles vary in worth; some bear few leaves and great quantities of hops; others abound in leaves, among which the hops have to be sought at much loss of time; in many cases the hops are so small as to

be hardly worth the picking—that is, to the picker. In consequence, there is always a good deal of sharp practice and squabbling, and now and then some serious fighting about the poles.

The rate per bushel at which the pickers are paid is fixed at the opening of the season, according to the quality of the hops in the various fields of the farm. The smallest hops are paid for at a shilling for four bushels, the largest at a shilling for six, the medium at five to the shilling.

On this particular farm, as on most others in the vicinity, the price was six to the shilling all round. By far the larger portion of the poles being leafy, and most of the hops small, few pickers made more than eighteen pence a day, the average of the writer. Many did not average more than a shilling. Here, as elsewhere, a superabundance of hands had lowered the rate of wages.

It is the custom on the hop-farms to make the pickers daily advances of subsistence money—in pickers' phrase, "a sub"—of about two-thirds of the money earned. Should the picker leave the farm before the close of the picking he forfeits the remainder, as in this case it is the rule to estimate his earnings at "twelve a shilling all round"—a method of counting which always brings him in a debtor to the hop-farmer.

The hops are measured and the bins cleared four times a day—twice in the morning, and twice in the afternoon. Here lies the great grievance of the picker. The measurers are natives of the locality, men constantly employed on the farm, and having, therefore, interests in common with their employer. On the majority of farms they are accused of measuring against the picker, and, so far as I could judge, with truth. Where I worked it was asserted that the farmer had nine bushels to the shilling instead of six, which meant that his system of measuring defrauded the pickers of one-third of their earnings. It was quite out of the power of the hop-pickers to redress this in a legal way. They had no means of telling the employer, nobody paid any attention to their complaints; they were looked upon, in fact, as pariahs, outcasts, creatures infinitely beneath the native in all things, objects of contempt, and fit to be victimized by everybody dwelling in the county with whom they came in contact. The hop-farmers ground them down, and the local shopkeepers imposed upon them in every way, as I saw and experienced. For in-

stance, I once had a pennyworth of bread weighed out so ridiculously small that I had it weighed again immediately, and found it exactly *three ounces*. I kept the morsel for days as a specimen of the trading morality of Sutton Valence. It was the same in all things—over-charge, under-weight, and adulteration were universal for the hop-picker. And yet Sutton Valence is evidently a pious place. Not a single shop-door opens therein on the Sunday. Everybody goes to church, and, as I proved more than once, the meanest dweller in the place is quite prepared to treat the benighted hop-picker to any quantity of text and cant.

A number of pickers attempted to rectify the wrong practised on them by the measurers in their own way. As fast as they were measured out, the hops were poured into "pokes," or sacks, containing eight or ten bushels each. There was no system used in the removal of these sacks. In consequence a number of them would be secreted at every measuring time, and their contents poured back into three or four bins the moment the measurers turned their backs. This trick was practised exclusively by pole-pullers who had wives and families. The result was to cause still further over-measure against the pickers. For the hops were dried immediately after removal from the ground, then weighed, and as the farmer knew to an ounce what a dry bushel of hops should weigh, the deficiency was immediately discovered, and the measurers were directed to make it up next measure.

None of the pickers could help seeing what the pole-pullers did, and so long as it appeared to them merely cheating the employer, it met with their warm approval. In a day or two the real facts were laid before them, and an attempt made to induce them to stop the cheating in their own interests, and by their own influence, without resorting to the employer. They were shown that by acting thus they would deprive the employer of all excuse for over-measure, and make their own case against him too strong to be disregarded. It was useless; there was neither manliness enough nor honesty enough among them for such a course. Nevertheless, cheating was stopped, but in characteristic sneaking fashion. Within three days some threescore separate informations of what was going on were conveyed to the farm bailiff. In consequence a watch was set on one of the cheats—a fellow whose bullying, rapacity, and general unscrupu-

lousness had rendered him universally disliked—a veritable object of detestation to the females of his own bins. He was caught in the act, and turned off the ground at short notice. Ere he departed, however, the scoundrel—a mongrel Irishman, who denied that there was anything Irish in him—gave the pickers another specimen of his quality. Finding it vain to deny his offence, he endeavored to secure companions in misfortune by denouncing half-a-dozen others by name as just as bad as himself. In return for this I suspect that by this time Mr. Michael C. has received what a good many—quite capable of being as good as their word—promised him on their return to town, "a skinful of sore bones." This incident stopped the cheating of the employer for the rest of the season, but it caused no change in over-measurement.

On the very first day I lost my temporary companion. We were placed at bins in different parts of the field. I, of course, made no great figure as a picker the first day; but he was so conspicuously and hopelessly inefficient that he was discharged before the day was over, and I saw no more of him.

The work was not heavy, and required no particular attention from the pickers, who were therefore at liberty to indulge in their favorite amusement, "chaffing," to the top of their bent. The thing went on endlessly and everywhere, and precisely as it had gone on in the train. After a few hours' experience, I began to perceive that not one of them attached any particular meaning to the horrible expressions they poured forth. They used them because they had been dinned in their ears from infancy. In their view there could be no earnestness in an assertion which was not strengthened by blasphemous adjectives and interjections. In consequence the lie of a cockney may always be detected by the increased energy of the phrases which recommend it to attention. It is much the same with obscene expressions. They are so habitually used that they cease to awaken any sharp sense of their meaning in those who use or hear them. They excite no disgust or other feeling in those accustomed to them. When a low-bred cockney is deliberately filthy, he resorts to ambiguous terms utterly unintelligible to an outsider. All day long I heard phrases round me perfectly innocent as far as the words went, and perfectly unmeaning in the literal sense, but for all that having a meaning which might be surmised from the ges-

tures of those who employed them. Three days in the hop-field went farther towards teaching me to understand parts of Rabelais than all the remarks of his commentators.

There was plenty of gross conduct to match the gross language. Self was the first, almost the sole consideration, from the youngest to the oldest. The grosser self—the body with its appetites—the gratification of the senses, was all they cared for. Parents were everlastingly ministering to self by tyrannizing over their children. And the children were as everlastingly doing the same thing by rebelling against their parents. The oaths and the ugly epithets that the one flung at the other were invariably returned, and nobody seemed surprised. Self was everywhere, stealing, cheating, lying, drinking, indulging. These people were specimens of their class—of the mob of the large town. They are the generation trained by the voluntary system of education; what sort of a generation will the School Board give us?

My bin companion, a young girl of nineteen, was a fair specimen of her class, no worse than her neighbors in conduct, quite as honest as the best of them, and at least as modest, which however is saying very little. A resident in the "Borough," when in town she found employment in a large factory, with some hundreds of other girls, her wages averaging about twelve shillings a week. There are many such factories in and about London, and their effect on the weaker sex was well exemplified in "Joanna." The woman loses all that makes her woman; she becomes hard, coarse, and sensual; she cares little for family ties of any kind; she is ready to form a loose connection at a moment's notice, and as ready to cast it off; she is incapable of lasting affection; her dealings with the opposite sex are regulated by mere interest and animal impulse, and thanks to people whom I need not name she has learnt to follow her grosser inclinations with impunity.

The male pickers, as the females, were fair examples of the class to which they belonged. They were cunning, utterly unscrupulous, selfish, cruel when there was a chance of being cruel with safety, and cowardly except when in gangs. One evening I was returning from the village about nine o'clock. At a lonely part of the road I heard a woman screaming "Murder!" some distance in front. I shouted in return to alarm her assailant, and ran forward. At a turn of the road I

came upon a group of fellows, most of them armed with thick sticks, standing stock still, listening to the screams, and peering into the gloom. I could not help addressing a few strong remarks to them. They made no reply, but seeing me running, ran too, keeping well behind, however. As it happened, the noise was over before we arrived, though it might have been otherwise. A pair had been struggling in the hedge while half a dozen women looked on. "Oh, masters!" said one of the latter, "please don't interfere; it's only a man's been a-beating his wife about a penny-worth of tobacco." Nobody had interfered. Had the assault been a murderous one the perpetrator would have met with but small interruption from the cockney spectators. I saw a hundred instances of the low-lived cockney's liking for cruelty. They are cruel in gangs, like the wild dog or the wolf.

These fellows seldom got to blows among themselves. They often quarrelled indeed, but in these cases confined themselves to "roasting;" for example:—
"Yah, yah! Yer ought to putty yer face, yer ought, and get it painted."

"Yer ought to have a smoothing plane run over them cheeks of yourn; yah, yah!"

"Whoa, Emma!"—the burden of a music-hall song—(this because the user had no other answer ready). Then there would be a chorus of "Whoa, Emma!" over the field, after which the roasters would resume their interchange of vulgarisms, "Whoa, Emma!" or some other current cant phrase filling in every hiatus.

The hop-picker's attempts at humor were no more original, and much more objectionable. One would call out the Christian name of another three or four bins off,—

"George!" or "Joanna!"

"Yes—what do you want?"

Then followed some obscene word. This would raise a general laugh, after which came the inevitable chorus of "Whoa, Emma!" Similar questions and answers would be kept up for some time, always with the chorus. Then would come a loud conversation concerning the saying and doings of the frequenters of the lowest town haunts; and so the day would pass.

The day, however, was nothing to the evening.

The first part of the evening was usually spent in one or other of the public-houses in Sutton Valence, the "Swan"

being chiefly patronized by the "gang" to which I belonged. The house was a study in itself, and so was its landlord, but I cannot now notice either. There were two tap-rooms in the "Swan." The larger was appropriated by the English pickers; the smaller was taken possession of by the minority which dared to confess itself Irish. The latter was by far the more amusing. The company in the English tap was divided into many groups; the conversation was never general; there were no racy songs, or racier anecdotes. To understand the people here one had to flit from group to group, pausing long enough with each to enter into its feelings. It was different on the Irish side. Here the company was one, and the chat general, with plenty of song and story. Here, too, there was much more heartiness and good nature, and less quarrelling; for Pat, on this particular hop-ground, seldom made money enough to enable him to get fighting-drunk. On the other hand, the English portion came to the house out of temper, and never drank enough to make them good-humored. In consequence they were always grumbling and quarrelsome.

Most people got down to the encampment by seven o'clock, which was supper-time. After supper came smoking and gossip, most of it about cheating employers, punishing sneaks, and seducing women, among the men — about the latest doings of their neighbors and the latest scandals among the women.

As night fell the greater number would retire to their dormitories and continue the conversation until they fell asleep, or *pretended to fall asleep*. Any one stealing quietly out into the open air for an hour or two, between eleven and one, as I often did, would see forms creeping out of tents, huts, and hop-houses, and stealing away, and others lingering by tent and hop-house until door opening or canvas lifting displayed a hand beckoning in, when the form would creep stealthily forward and disappear under cover to emerge as stealthily. There was no great risk of interruption. The huts in particular contained such a mixed company, and so many were accustomed to come and to go at all hours, that nobody ever thought of lifting head to notice who came or went.

I heard more than one mother lament that to bring a daughter to the hop-ground was to bring her to her ruin; and yet mothers continued to bring their daughters, because the daughters would insist on being brought and the mothers dared

not refuse. I heard a mother reprove a daughter for misconduct, and I heard the reply, "I do no more than you do," which silenced the mother.

But, in fact, very few of these intrigues were much of a secret. There was no scruple and no delicacy. Everybody heard, who cared to hear; and most who heard were ready to repeat the story at the first opportunity.

A week's life in the encampment realized for me, in low life, many of the tales of the old French and Italian novelists. At times I was perfectly amazed at the completeness with which one of the stories of Boccaccio or "*Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*" would be reproduced.

The majority of these people have very pronounced political opinions, and in this, as also in the character of their opinions, they are fair representatives of their class. On no other subject are their minds so made up or their feelings so strong. They are every one of them fierce revolutionists. They have no loyalty, no respect for rank or wealth, no regard for existing institutions, no patriotism. They acknowledge no religious or moral restraint of any sort. All they care for is their own interests, so far as they can understand them — which is not far. Any change to suit them must be sweeping and sanguinary. Again and again, and not on the hop-ground only, have I heard some people express an earnest wish for the extermination of the ruling classes. According to them the working-man — that is the mechanic and the laborer — is the creator of all wealth and ought to be its sole possessor. In their view all the present possessors of wealth are robbers and tyrants — so many wild beasts who prey upon the working-man, and who must be dealt with as wild beasts when the working-man shall obtain the mastery. It is useless to reason with them. Complex arguments they cannot comprehend; and for the more simple they are provided with replies perfectly satisfactory to themselves. Point to the benevolence of the upper classes, as manifested in hospitals, etc., and they exclaim, fully believing it too, that all this is done in policy or in terror, in order to throw dust in the eyes of the people. Then they tell the reasoner to look at what the upper classes will do when they dare, pouring forth story after story, carefully gathered from popular prints and from the mouths of popular demagogues, concerning legal inequalities, police delinquencies, poor-law harshness, and especially concerning the oppression practised on the poverty-stricken

by such mischievous associations as that which terms itself "the Association for Charity Organization." All other grievances one might manage to explain away; but there is no excusing the doings of this society. Concerning these doings such people as the hop-pickers wax eloquent, and tell with overwhelming effect harrowing stories — stories abounding in instances of the hard-heartedness of the upper classes. Then follow fierce threats and fiercer hopes. And, founding my opinion upon what I know — and certain circumstances coupled with a long course of steady observation of the lowest class have given me peculiar knowledge — I cannot doubt that the revolutionists (led by the bolder spirits among them) will seize an opportunity. I do not mean to assert that they will be successful in effecting anything but bloodshed and misery, but they will have their outbreak; and considering the temper and training of our urban mobs, it will be a terrible one while it lasts. Here — on the hop-ground — they were perhaps more than usually prone to express their political hopes and hates. For here they felt very keenly that they were oppressed and ground down in every way and that they were utterly without redress. Nobody took any interest in them. The hop-farmers were all banded together; the whole country went with the farmers; and the latter did as they pleased, treating the pickers worse than their dogs. *And all this was to a great extent true.*

One striking instance occurred under my very eyes. A quarrel of children involved the mothers. One of the latter was far advanced in pregnancy, and the result of the quarrel — in which, I may state, very little violence was used — was a premature birth. The mother was one of the many women who had left their husbands at home at work while they carried all their children with them to the hop-field. The baby died in a few days. With the exception of the clergyman of the place, who did his duty, not a single native of Sutton Valence took the slightest interest in the poor hopper. Not a single woman paid her a visit, not even the wife of the farmer, who was a man of means and position. Here I err — one woman belonging to the place did visit her. It was the wife of a laborer whom the Rev. — sent to the encampment with a bundle of baby-clothes, and who (as was afterwards discovered) took care to appropriate all the better articles on the way.

Some interest was shown in the hop-pickers by a London association which

sent down a number of preachers for their benefit. One of these people visited our encampment, and held forth on two or three occasions. He was certainly in earnest, but he was worse than useless. He might have done very well in London visiting from house to house, but he had no power of any sort, native or acquired, intellectual or verbal. The men paid no attention to him, the children mocked him, the women insulted him.

But I must hurry to a close, passing over a number of interesting incidents. We had elopements and pugilistic encounters, and many curious displays of character. The very last night we spent on the ground was marked by perhaps the most singular event of any. There was a good deal of drinking that night and not a little riot. One of the men, hitherto remarkable for quietness, took much more than was good for him, and when excited by beer was assailed by his wife, who was notorious for her bitter tongue. This infuriated him. He cut the tent in which they dwelt to pieces, and then seizing a quantity of loose straw, laid a sort of train from one tenement to another, with the purpose of setting fire to the whole encampment. The man, some twenty-nine or thirty and of remarkable strength, brandished a large knife and acted in all respects so madly that none of the hop-pickers cared to interfere. He was in the very act of setting fire to the straw when he was knocked down from behind and secured by the local police, about one o'clock in the morning.

That night terminated my connection with hop-pickers. I had seen all I desired to see, and in fact a good deal more; I had no wish to accompany them on their return; I knew pretty well what would happen then. So I quitted the encampment betimes, and anticipated the arrival of my companions in London — that is, of the first batch of them — by half-a-dozen hours.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

IX.

ON THE SANDS.

THE news that this summer Waldbad rejoiced in the presence of a princess

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spread quickly through the village, and every one felt pleased and elevated by the circumstance. The delicate distinctions of rank were totally unknown here — and a princess from the Caucasus — where every fifth man is said to be a prince — would have been received with the same or perhaps even more reverent homage.

As, in addition to the halo of rank, Kathinka possessed the charm of remarkable beauty, the inhabitants exhausted themselves in showing attention to the lovely woman. Even the guests at the watering-place were carried away by the universal excitement, and made every possible effort to be upon more or less intimate terms with the princess. The latter accepted the attentions offered upon all sides very willingly, but somewhat as a matter of course, for no one could be more thoroughly impressed with the dignity of her position than she herself. Though by no means indifferent to her appearance, which she sought to enhance as much as possible by dress, she laid far more stress upon her rank than her beauty. Perhaps this would not have been the case if she had really belonged to a royal family, and therefore felt sure of her position; but her manner was intended to crush every doubt, and at the same time, in a certain sense, prove her right to the station she claimed.

In consequence of this she showed a strange restlessness which, as she probably knew very well herself, did not harmonize at all with such distinguished rank, but in spite of all her efforts frequently displayed itself, and thus her manners gained a hesitating, capricious, nay sometimes offensive character, which the circle of acquaintances around her would probably have judged very differently and much more harshly if the dear people had not been disposed to look at their princess with very mild eyes, and consider her faults interesting originality.

As Kathinka liked to entertain and did so very frequently, life at Waldbad was much gayer and more brilliant than usual. The beautiful rooms in the little fairy castle were frequently filled with guests, or parties were arranged out of doors, and even those not fortunate enough to belong to the "circle" had the pleasure of seeing and gossiping about the gayety, and were perfectly satisfied with their share.

One of the families most intimate with the princess was that of the rich consul Sternau. The old lady, with her quiet, stately dignity, played the part of a quasi mistress of ceremonies admirably, and her

oldest daughter, Flóra, assisted Fräulein Molly in the tiresome and sometimes very unthankful task of maid of honor. Pretty, lively Caroline, however, was less disposed to pay homage than to receive it, and therefore was well pleased with Elmar's, while she obtained a very moderate share of his sister's favor. She was, therefore, no favorite of the latter, and it had sometimes happened that the mother and oldest daughter — the father only came from the great commercial city on Sundays — were invited to dine at the fairy castle, while Caroline was obliged to stay at home with her younger brothers.

The pretty, obstinate sinner, instead of fretting about it, only laughed, and on such occasions usually begged Erica to share her solitude. This was almost the only time that the two friends saw each other, for Erica remained entirely apart from the gayety of the visitors at the watering-place, and only heard of them at rare intervals. Besides, she was very willing to accept such an invitation to dinner, for she was sure to hear a great deal said of the princess and her life, which always had a sort of magnetic attraction for her.

A timidity, which she could not conquer, had always prevented her from taking another walk in the vicinity of the fairy castle, and thus she had only occasionally caught a momentary glimpse of the princess. The beautiful lady had scarcely remembered her, for she had answered her greeting very carelessly, while the brother had taken no notice of her at all. The meeting therefore produced a painful impression, and she endeavored to avoid another by taking her walks in lonely, unvisited regions.

Little Carlos alone had treasured a friendly memory of her, and was always delighted to see her. He seldom, however, came to the parsonage to play with the children — on which occasions Erica frolicked merrily with them — but the latter were taken to the little fairy castle. The princess was almost absurdly anxious about the boy, and always uneasy when he was not at her side.

Erica was therefore the more surprised when one day, while taking a long walk, she suddenly perceived little Carlos entirely alone by the seashore, looking for shells. She called him and asked where his nurse was. The latter, however, was close at hand and had heard the question herself, for she came forward in a somewhat confused manner from a clump of bushes, where she had been sitting with the wife of the fisherman Wilms. Cards

were lying upon a roughly hewn stone, which stood like a table before an equally rough stone bench, and as Frau Wilms was famed throughout all Waldbad as an excellent fortune-teller, Erica thought it certain that the nurse had placed the cards there. Both women seemed somewhat annoyed by the interruption, the more as the boy was not willing to leave Erica, but insisted upon going home with her, and in this way frustrated all hopes of learning the desired fortune from the cards.

Frau Wilms took her leave somewhat sulkily, and the nurse walked on beside Erica, who was now eagerly helping little Carlos in his search for the shells. But when they had reached the neighborhood of the fairy castle, notwithstanding the entreaties of the boy, she turned into another path and went back to the beach, where she sat down on one of the hills on the down and gazed over the sea. Its blue surface lay outspread before her in an unfurrowed mirror, and the sunbeams glittered and flashed so brightly from it that the eye could scarcely endure the radiance. The masts of large ship, which seemed to be slowly approaching, were relieved against the distant horizon. Elsewhere the sea was destitute of sails, and only one small black point was recognized by Erica's keen eyes as a boat. She was seated at no great distance from a staging that ran out into the sea and was used for a landing, so she confidently expected the boat to turn in this direction, but it went farther on, almost to the very spot where she had seen the foreign sailor, who now appeared on the list of guests as Herr von Wehlen, disembark.

This circumstance once more attracted Erica's thoughts to the latter and the mystery which surrounded him. What did he want here, what was the meaning of his connection with the wife of Wilms, the fisherman? Had she not just met her, and might not her presence have something to do with the boat now coming towards the land so timidly, as if to avoid all eyes? Had she not seen this same woman come out of the fairy castle and cross the down in the direction of the churchyard, where, as she was now well aware, Herr von Wehlen was waiting for somebody?

And moreover how strange it was that this woman could induce little Carlos' nurse to come so far from home with the boy, when she well knew her mistress's over-anxiety about the child. Did any danger threaten the little fellow? was it her duty to warn the princess? And yet,

what could she say to give weight to her words? would she not be laughed at for attaching any special importance to the coming of the fish-woman, who was obliged to deliver her wares at the villa every day?

Erica was so absorbed in the tumult of her own thoughts that she did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps, and only when the new-comer was close beside her did she look up and recognize the "royal brother," as Caroline had often satirically called him.

"So I find you here at last, little woodland fairy," he said, throwing himself down beside her on the sand with as much freedom from embarrassment, as if this meeting had occurred immediately after their first interview in the forest. "You seem to be in possession of the fern that makes its owner invisible, for with all my trouble I have been unable to find you until now."

Erica's heart beat violently, she knew not whether from embarrassment or the anger the young man's conduct excited. After rudely neglecting her in the presence of others, he again, on accidentally meeting her alone, assumed the familiar tone which now seemed more offensive than ever. She did not at first know how to resent this behavior with sufficient indignation, and therefore answered only by the expressive changes of her countenance, while her lips remained mute.

Elmar did not seem to find the pause unpleasant, for he had supported his head comfortably on his arm in his favorite attitude, and was gazing calmly into his companion's face. At last he said slowly, "Well, little April, won't the sun shine out at all to-day?"

This time rain seemed to be nearer, for Erica could scarcely restrain her tears. But she controlled herself, and replied as calmly as possible, though with quivering lips: "I do not know how far Baron von Altenborn's interest —"

Elmar interrupted her by a hasty gesture, and said laughing, "I most earnestly entreat Fräulein Erica von Hohenstädt to express her anger in some other way. If even here, in the romantic shadow of this bare sand down, I am obliged to give information about Baron von Altenborn's interest, I shall be driven to thoughts of suicide."

Erica's surprise overcame her indignation, and there was really sunlight in her face as she smilingly asked, "But in what special manner am I to address you, you most singular man?"

"In no special manner at all, but your own peculiar method, little heather-blossom. Or"—the speaker paused, and bending forward once more, gazed so intently into his companion's face that her cheeks grew crimson with blushes, "or does the dignity of your seventeen years rebel against the familiar name?"

This time Erica's answer came more quickly, and therefore was not well considered, for after saying, "Not my seventeen years, but"—she faltered, and did not know how to find suitable words to express her thoughts.

Elmar also hastily interrupted her. "But?—you did not wish to say so, but your aristocratic feelings rebelled against it? Don't make me miserable, little woodland fairy! I am so tired of aristocracy that I have an actual horror of it. I really believe I would gladly saw wood a few days, or take part in a sailors' brawl merely to do something thoroughly plebeian."

Erica's face was now all sunlight, as she said laughingly, "Very well, sir, so my conversation is to supply the place of the sailors' brawl."

"That it shall, little fairy. After all the affectation and ill-nature by which I am surrounded, you must strengthen my nerves like a chalybeate spring."

"Really, you make very numerous claims upon me. If I can only satisfy such extensive expectations—but it is strange——"

Erica hesitated again, and as this time Elmar did not interpose, the pause was somewhat long.

"Well, what is strange? I am very eager to learn this peculiarity," he asked at last.

Erica blushed, again either because her companion once more looked inquiringly into her face, or from embarrassment over what she had intended to say, and the consciousness of this change of color oppressed her, and utterly prevented any reply.

"I see I shall be compelled to read my answer from your face. The peculiarity probably existed in my conduct, which seemed to express no desire for this strengthening. Ah! little heather-blossom, I have hit the right mark; that nod confirms it. And you really demand an explanation of this behavior? That is very wrong; for, to be frank, it would be very difficult, in fact impossible for me to give it."

"And why not? Why can't you tell why, in the presence of others, your manner has been so negligent as to border upon actual incivility, for you have not

even bowed to me, a courtesy Herr von Wehlen did not omit, if you now seek to represent that this impoliteness was adopted for some wise purpose."

"See how eloquent anger makes you, little fairy, and how well you know how to express your meaning. The 'wise purpose' was uttered as scornfully as if you not only numbered seventeen years, but really had experience beyond them. Before I try to make my wisdom clear to you, however, let me ask one question. Did you feel wounded by my conduct, or only offended?"

"Would it not be the same thing?"

"A wonderful difference, little fairy! I am aware that you were very angry with me, but I should like to know whether there was not a very little sorrow mingled with the indignation. Come, be frank, Fräulein Erica, were you not also a little sad?"

Erica cast down her eyes. The memory of the manifold forms of suffering that had lately oppressed her young heart made the tears spring to her eyes. "I was often sad," she said gently, "but I do not know whether *you* were at all to blame."

"Let me beg your forgiveness, as if I really had a share in the guilt, Fräulein Erica, and give me your hand in token of reconciliation." Elmar spoke gravely, and when he held out his hand to his companion she unhesitatingly placed hers within it. He pressed it lightly, and then released it. An involuntary pause ensued, for both were gazing thoughtfully at the ground. Elmar, however, soon said in his former tone, —

"And now, little daughter of Eve, I must satisfy your curiosity as well as I can, or the war that has just ended will break out anew. So—have you a dove-cot?"

"A dove-cot?" asked Erica, in amazement. "No, but——"

"But it is closely connected with my explanation. If you had one, you would know that when an eagle circles over it you would be obliged to put your little favorites in a safe place as quickly as possible, and above all beware of attracting its attention to any of the birds that were still in danger."

Erica looked at the speaker in bewilderment. Did he too already suspect Herr von Wehlen? Yet what other meaning could his words have? But what cause had she to fear this man? and she was evidently the subject of conversation.

"Well, Fräulein Erica," said Elmar,

laughing, "you look as if you already saw the eagle circling over you, instead of the little dove."

"I am surprised that you should regard Herr von Wehlen with so much suspicion."

Elmar laughed. "How quickly and positively you draw your conclusions; though Herr von Wehlen does not exactly resemble an eagle, he might easily pass for a bird of prey. But I cannot make my comparison more distinct. Fortunately you are too much of a heather-blossom to be able to understand the true state of affairs. But, by the way, what is the matter with Wehlen? Why does he seem to you such a terrible bird of prey?"

"Here he comes!" Erica exclaimed, pointing to a man who was slowly approaching from the beach. "He was certainly in the boat, for he is coming from it now."

Elmar seemed annoyed by the meeting, and therefore perhaps failed to hear Erica's last words. The new-comer was already too near for him to hope to remain unobserved, so he had no alternative except to await his approach. He therefore quietly retained his comfortable position, but turned to his companion with a sigh, saying, —

"Our chat is unfortunately over, little fairy, and who knows when I shall see you again. After this meeting I must be doubly cautious. I would feign an enthusiastic devotion to my little nephew, for that would probably be the quickest way, but unfortunately it is only too well known that I —"

Elmar suddenly paused, and raising his voice, called: "Holloa, Wehlen! Come here, you lonely wanderer, and rest from your fatigues in the shadow of this down."

Wehlen turned his head towards the speaker, and slowly approached. Erica thought she read an expression of gloomy resolution on his features, nay, it even seemed as if he cast a malevolent glance at her. There really was some resemblance to a bird of prey in his appearance, though perhaps her attention was called to it by Elmar's comparison, and she could not shake off a disagreeable feeling when the dark figure now stood close beside her, and answered Elmar in a tone of suppressed mockery.

"I feared I might interrupt an interesting conversation, and was therefore considerate enough to try to pass quietly on."

"This rare, though at the same time singular consideration, deserves to be

handsomely rewarded. Lie down here on the warm sand, and share our very interesting conversation."

"I think it is the *lady's* place to grant me the permission."

The lady did not seem particularly inclined to do so, for the glances she cast at the speaker distinctly expressed fear and aversion. Elmar came to her assistance, by exclaiming with a gay laugh, —

"How delicately you give your reprimands, Wehlen! I really forgot to ask the lady's permission, and sat down here without ceremony. But I see you are not inclined to join us. Well, if you intend going farther, I'll accompany you. Give me your hand to help me up, for I've been rolling in the sand like a chicken."

Wehlen did not offer his hand as requested, perhaps because he knew it was unnecessary, and indeed Elmar was soon standing beside him. He brushed the sand from his clothes and turned to take leave of his companion.

"In order not to be impolite again, I will now, with all due ceremony, express my thanks to you for having graciously permitted me to rest here."

Erica had now partially regained her composure, and answered with tolerable calmness: "I will not accept your thanks, the down is free, and I therefore have no right either to give or withhold the permission."

"Let us be off as quickly as we can, Wehlen!" exclaimed Elmar, "or we shall hear that only the freedom of the down has caused our presence to be endured, and that would be quite too severe a blow to our vanity." With a slight bow to Erica, he turned and walked away with his companion.

She looked after their retreating figures a long time, and then gazed at the dark blue sky, over which solitary silver clouds were sailing. The shadows the presence of the dreaded stranger had cast over her disappeared from her soul, and a feeling of happiness entered it. It seemed as if the spell which had frozen her heart were dissolved, and she could once more breathe freely; as if sea and sky, field and forest, again exerted their old, nay a far greater magic, and she could scarcely realize and enjoy all the riches life was spreading around her.

X.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

THE sun was already setting, when the princess came out upon one of the pleas-

ant verandas of the fairy castle. She walked towards the balustrade, which was densely overgrown with climbing vines, and leaned upon it, while her eyes wandered over the blue waves of the sea. A cold wind blowing from it in gusts, swept over the bare arms and shoulders of the beautiful woman. She shivered, and turning her head, called, —

"Molly, my shawl! Quick, I am freezing!"

Fräulein Molly, who was standing at one of the windows engaged in a conversation with Elmar, did not bring the shawl quite as soon as the speaker's peremptory tone seemed to require. This was perhaps the cause of the heavy clouds that darkened Kathinka's brow, and when the desired wrap was thrown around her shoulders, her thanks sounded cold and constrained.

The little party must have dined alone, for with the exception of the persons just mentioned, no one was in the room but Carlos, who always appeared with the desert. He now ran up to his mother to show her some toy, but to-day the latter was not inclined to enter into his amusements, for after pressing a kiss on the curly head, she again called her companion.

"Come here, Molly! Take Carlos and play with him, he disturbs me."

Fräulein Molly knew very well that she, rather than the boy, was probably the cause of the lady's annoyance, and therefore took him by the hand and disappeared in the house. Elmar also doubtless suspected the true state of affairs, for he frowned and cast a glance of mingled annoyance and amusement at his sister. The latter had wrapped herself closely in her shawl, and now sat down in one of the chairs, while her eyes rested, not upon her companion, but the sea.

Although she did not utter a syllable, her movements distinctly showed her impatience, which became more perceptible, the more slowly and methodically Elmar set about lighting his cigar. Perhaps his leisurely manner was adopted for some mischievous purpose, for a faint smile hovered round his lips, and when at last the blue rings of smoke rose into the air, he seated himself with equal deliberation, and, turning to his sister, said with a faint sigh, —

"Well, Kathinka, you probably have not caused this solemn stillness for nothing. What is it?"

The beautiful woman turned and gazed steadily at the speaker for a moment; then her eyes wandered away over the

veranda into the adjoining room, and finally rested on the down. "I regret my folly in having brought you here, Elmar," she said, now looking steadily at the foliage of the two tall beeches, while her hands plucked restlessly at her shawl.

"I am glad to agree with you, in one point at least, Kathinka. I long ago condemned as folly the indulgent weakness that induced me to accompany you to this tiresome, out-of-the-way place."

The beautiful woman's lips quivered, and her hands moved still more restlessly. "If you expect to deceive me, you are greatly mistaken."

"Why, who can think of wishing to deceive such a remarkably sharp-sighted woman?"

The irony in her brother's tone made Kathinka's cheeks grow crimson. She cast a hasty, sullen glance at the speaker, then rose and leaned over the railing, while her hands plucked at the vines instead of the shawl.

"Elmar, I will not endure it! I will prevent it at any cost," she said, her voice trembling with suppressed passion.

"What, my dear Kathinka?"

The unconcern expressed in the calmness and indolent attitude of the speaker was perhaps somewhat affected, but his companion's eyes flashed with no less bitter anger, and she hastily advanced a few paces nearer to him.

"It is my duty, as your older sister," she said, with the same suppressed passion, "not only to warn you, but to hurl you back from the abyss into which you are in the act of plunging."

"Perhaps in so doing you also feel some little sense of obligation towards the Princess Bagadoff, Kathinka," said Elmar, in a tone whose quiet, half-jesting contempt formed the strongest possible contrast to his sister's excitement. "However," he continued calmly, but in a very grave tone, "if I were inclined to plunge into an abyss, your hand would certainly prove too weak to hurl me back."

Kathinka's eyes flashed, and the anger that distorted her beautiful features made them appear almost ugly. She grasped a table, as if she needed some support, and her voice had a sharp, metallic tone as she said, "Do you forget what you owe me? Do you forget that your position in the world is entirely dependent upon my good will, that I am really the head of the family?"

Elmar's patience seemed exhausted, a gloomy frown darkened his brow, and he glanced angrily at the speaker. But he

controlled himself, and merely shrugged his shoulders without making any reply.

"I am waiting for your answer, Elmar!" said Katharina, with a sudden show of dignity, which called a smile to her brother's lips.

"I should simply say, 'You are a fool, Katharina,'" he answered in an undertone, "if such a reply were consistent with politeness."

"It is fortunate you can still perceive even that," said Katharina, with a composure which appeared scarcely justified by the new turn in the conversation. "You will also, I hope, perceive that I am perfectly right when I seek to restrain you from taking this mad step."

"It is somewhat difficult to argue with you, Kathinka, for in your primer the letter B does not follow A. So, to put an end to this discussion, let me earnestly entreat you to say distinctly upon what grounds you base my dreaded insanity."

"If you insist upon playing ignorance, I will tell you bluntly that I will never consent to your marriage with that silly, vulgar girl."

"There I am again in the dark. If you had said, with that beautiful, lively, interesting girl, I should have supposed you alluded to Caroline Sternauf, but —"

"Your vanity leads you to this false, ridiculous judgment, Elmar," interrupted the beautiful Katharina, her excitement again casting off all control. "Everybody agrees with me in thinking her silly and commonplace to the last degree, and her pretty face is scarcely sufficient to render her endurable. But men are unfortunately very weak when their vanity is flattered, and so her graciousness has blinded you to an extent that fills me with horror."

Elmar had completely regained his composure, for he said, laughing, "Poor, easily frightened Kathinka, listen to me a moment quietly if possible. You selected this out-of-the-way, and by no means fashionable, watering-place, partly from a passing whim, and partly also from well-considered reasons. One of these motives undoubtedly sprung from your sisterly affection, which strove to protect me from Hymen's chains, and believed that here I should be in a safe haven. My escort, however, was not only necessary on that account, it behoved the Princess Bagadoff to have a cavalier who would seem to be ever at her service, and so the brother was not to be dispensed with in his capacity of chamberlain."

Katharina, whose impatience would no

longer be controlled, interrupted the speaker.

"Wounded vanity induces you to say that, for of course you must always play an inferior part when beside the Princess Bagadoff."

"I feel this fact so keenly, that I intend to order the words, '*le frère de Madame la princesse de Bagadoff*,' to be engraved on my visiting card, as that marquis called himself *l'époux de Madame Catalini*."

The princess laughed, a short, harsh laugh, without any tinge of mirth. "You are pleased to be facetious, Elmar, but it is true that my title illumines your name also."

"Let us not digress, my dear sister, in my primer at least the alphabet is printed in regular order. My double rôle as 'royal brother' and 'possible candidate for matrimony' did not suit me at all. I performed my functions of chamberlain very poorly, and hastened to offer my ardent homage to the prettiest and most interesting girl in the place. This excited my beautiful sister's indignation, and caused many unpleasant scenes between us."

"In which you alone were to blame, Elmar; you alone!"

"I don't deny my guilt, Kathinka. Any one who has any knowledge of your character will consider that a matter of course. But to continue — your displeasure did not fall solely upon me, you gave the young lady very decided proofs of it, and —"

"I only reproved her want of good breeding, and kept her at a proper distance. The insolent daughter of the wealthy merchant treated me with an indifference, which I will not allow to be shown either to my position or person."

"I am no competent judge in this matter, for you know that in my eyes the Bagadoffs are not surrounded by the halo in which they appear to you. But no matter — I thought it my duty to increase my attentions to the young lady, in the exact proportion in which you loaded her with slights. This seemed to me a proper compensation, since the slights were inflicted upon her on my account. And — understand me fully, Kathinka — I shall continue to pursue this course, and measure my attentions according to the very liberal standard by which you dispense your incivilities. Thus it may happen that, half against my will, I shall be driven into a marriage, to prevent which would scarcely be in your power."

Katharina started up; her face was

again distorted with anger, she approached her brother and hissed through her clenched teeth, "You dare to speak openly of a marriage—you dare to defy me. Beware, Elmar! I am capable of everything if I am roused."

Elmar raised his eyebrows. "I know it, my dear Kathinka! And as we are speaking so frankly to each other—what would you do to prevent my marriage with Caroline Sternau?"

Kathinka paced up and down the veranda in great agitation, then approached the railing and gazed over the sea, and finally resumed her restless wanderings. The shawl had slipped from her shoulders, and the evening breeze, which had grown stronger since sunset, swept over her bare shoulders with an icy chill. She drew the lost wrap over them again, and said,—

"I am freezing, Elmar. These low-necked dresses are really ridiculous."

"The fashion is not so absurd as its adoption. Why do you commit the folly of dressing here on the downs as if you were going to appear at court?"

"These are things you do not understand, my dear Elmar; and so you really will not marry this Caroline Sternau, it was only to tease me that you paid her such marked attention?"

Elmar sighed, and said with comic despair, "Really, Katharina, the gods themselves would argue with you in vain."

"Do you really perceive that, my dear Elmar? Then you will not try it again, and disgrace your family by this *mésalliance*."

"I don't know why a marriage with the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the rich consul Sternau should be such a terrible *mésalliance* for a Baron von Altenborn, to say nothing of the very aristocratic Bagadoffs."

The princess drew herself up, and this time fixed her restless eyes steadily on her brother's face, as she said scornfully, "True, you are right, the family has been accustomed to *mésalliances* of late."

Elmar started, his composure seemed to have deserted him, the veins on his forehead swelled with anger, and his voice grew loud and threatening as he exclaimed,—

"Beware, Katharina! I can bear much from you, but this is the limit of my endurance."

"Pshaw! As if I did not suffer from it just as much as you. What do I say?—as much?—more, far more, for it gave you —"

"Enough, Katharina! Say no more!" and the usually quiet voice sounded so

imperious that the princess timidly cast down her eyes. But the next instant she said coaxingly,—

"You cannot blame me for hating this marriage: I would rather know you were betrothed to the ugly little girl we saw with the pastor's family."

Elmar laughed. "Because you think yourself safe there, Kathinka!"

"Not at all. Though poor, she is at least of good family, her mother, I am told, was a Kroneck."

"Very well; henceforth I will direct my attention to the ugly little girl. I have even anticipated your favorable opinion of the child, for Herr von Wehlen saw me this morning engaged in such a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with her, that he was considerate enough to try to pass by without disturbing us."

Katharina shrugged her shoulders. "You think me a little too simple, my good Elmar. Unfortunately I saw you alone with Herr von Wehlen, when you took leave of him to call on Caroline Sternau, a call which, in defiance of all etiquette, was prolonged for hours."

"Ah! so that was the cause of this scene. Could you not in future direct your glasses towards some more interesting object than your brother? You are wasting your time, for I fear I shall never duly appreciate your sympathy."

The princess laughed, but made no reply, and only plucked at her shawl, whose fringe had been in great danger of being completely destroyed during the conversation.

Elmar continued: "As our subject seems to be exhausted, Kathinka, you will perhaps allow me to retire?"

"Not yet, my dear Elmar, there is still one trifling matter to discuss. Markout has just collected the bills, they amount to the round sum of a thousand thalers for each of us."

"You are joking, Kathinka. That is impossible."

"Unfortunately you men never have an idea of what housekeeping really costs. You know how much I have economized, for it is really almost improper for me to have no carriage here."

"It would certainly have been worth while to bring it from Altenborn to drive up and down the dusty highway; we have learned, to our entire satisfaction, that the forest roads are only fit for light wagons. I will examine Markout's accounts, and next time —"

"You must not do that, Elmar!" interrupted the fair Kathinka, with all her

former vehemence. "Markout would think we suspected him, and leave my service."

"That would be a great blessing to us both, which he unfortunately will not bestow. I could have spent the season in Paris for the sum we have squandered in this miserable hole, and at least had some pleasure for my money."

"How calculating you are, Elmar! you will be a perfect miser in your old age, if you have such strange ideas at seven-and-twenty."

"I merely want to make the means correspond with the end, and therefore think this constant throwing money away extremely nonsensical."

The beautiful woman's eyes flashed impatiently, and the fringe of her shawl was in greater danger than ever. "Will you tell me what you mean by throwing money away?"

"Very willingly, if you wish it. The mania, for instance, of adorning the table every-day with the rarest flowers, which must be brought from the main land, and then sent from Wollin by a special messenger."

The princess's lips curled scornfully. "That is your German narrow-mindedness, my dear Elmar. With us Russians —"

"How long have you considered yourself a Russian, Kathinka? I think you have very little reason to do so."

"It is unkind to reproach me with my misfortune, Elmar!"

He must have thought so himself, for he rose, and approaching his sister held out his hand. "Forgive me, Kathinka, but you would know how to irritate the most patient man."

She held his hand clasped closely in her own, and, bending affectionately towards him, murmured, "And you will pay the bills, and not vex Markout by examining them?"

"Yes," he answered, sighing, "but only on condition that the next accounts do not exceed one-half of this sum. These mounted messengers, who are despatched to Wollin for every trifle, these telegrams to all quarters of the globe for articles that are not used and finally spoil, must be abolished, and I shall speak to Markout about it."

Kathinka could not have been much alarmed by her brother's seriousness, for she laughed and said roughly, "Really, I need not grudge Caroline Sternau such a bear of a husband. But don't be uneasy, my dear Elmar, no one is more will-

ing to economize than I. You know I have only one thought, one interest. To secure a brilliant future for my little Carlos is the sole object of my life, and I will cheerfully endure any deprivation to advance a step near to this goal."

Her brother's face revealed none of the amusement so often aroused by the freaks of the fair Katharina; on the contrary, a deep shadow rested upon it, which seemed scarcely justified by his sister's words. He threw his cigar over the balustrade with an impatient gesture, and turning towards her said gravely, —

"I believe our subject is now really exhausted, so farewell for the present, Kathinka. I am going to take a walk on the beach."

The princess looked after him with an expression of quiet satisfaction, and her restless eyes remained fixed upon his figure as he strode over the down. "Resist as much as you choose, my dear Elmar," she murmured, "you are in my power, and my —" She paused, as if startled by what she had intended to say, then hastily rose and, as if afraid of being alone, rang the bell, and told the servant to ask Fräulein Molly to join her with little Carlos.

From Temple Bar.

ANDERSEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

BY ANNIE WOOD.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN has so recently passed away, that his memory must still be fresh and green in the minds of those who knew him personally; but to the much wider outer circle, who only knew him through his marvellous fairy tales, some slight account of his strong personal attachments may neither be out of place nor without interest at the present time.

Two very marked features in Hans Andersen's character were his intense belief in himself, and his infatuated love of admiration. His lonely childhood, struggling boyhood, and the stern hardships of his early career as a young man fostered in him a belief in his own powers which his success in after years perhaps fully justified, and which rendered him so keenly eager for the appreciation and the expressed affection of all those who crossed his path in life, whether young or old, rich or poor, of high or of low estate. Being the centre of his own interest through life he never ceased to live in

a world of fancy and imagination, the existence of which was accepted by those around him, but only vaguely understood — hence it was natural that he imparted to those with whom he stayed a touch of the simplicity of his own nature, and won in return the affection he craved from every human being with whom he came in contact.

As years went on, and his fairy-tales became the charm and delight of homes all over the world, Andersen not only accepted as his rightful reward the expression of personal gratitude and admiration for his efforts to please his readers, but felt hurt and neglected if he did not receive it privately as well as publicly. He was a child in all things, with a man's power of expressing the genius within him, and had a child's delight in praise with a child's eager belief in its genuineness, no matter how humble the source whence it came, or how simple the language in which it was conveyed. In his own country Andersen was loved and welcomed in every household, but children especially worshipped him wherever he went. Ugly and ungainly as he was in outward appearance, he had a peculiar power of fascinating the young that was quite remarkable. A touch of his hand would soothe the most fractious child, angry passions or sullen tempers would disappear like magic under the sympathetic influence of this strange, uncouth being, who seemed to possess the key to that most mysterious thing, a child's mind, and to be able to understand and adapt himself to all their varying moods, and in-born but undeveloped thoughts. Much as he courted the notice of the great and lordly, and delighted in their expressions of praise for his works and affection for himself, Andersen loved best to know that his tales pleased the children, and that *they* thought it good of him to take so much trouble to amuse them.

"I will show you one of the dearest treasures I possess," said he to me one day, after recounting the fine things kings and princes had given and written to him, and reading to me many charming letters from the gifted and great of Europe. "I carry it next my heart; it keeps me warm, and I love it more than words can express."

From a pocket inside his waistcoat he produced a worn, crumpled paper with writing on it in a large childish hand.

"No, you must not touch it, it is for me alone," he said, in his vain, simple manner, when I put forth my hand to take it. "I

will read it to you, and you shall hear how the children love me in England."

It was from Livingstone's little daughter, and was as follows: —

DEAR HANS ANDERSEN, — I do like your fairy-tales so much, that I would like to go and see you, but I cannot do that, so I thought I would write to you; when papa comes home from Africa, I will ask him to take me to see you. My favorite stories in one book are "The Goloshes of Fortune" and some others. My papa's name is Dr. Livingstone. I am sending you papa's autograph. I will say good-bye to you, and a happy new year. — I am your affectionate little friend,

ANNA MARY LIVINGSTONE.

P. S. — Please write to me soon; my address is on the first page, and please send me your card.

When he had finished reading it, he kissed it softly, and putting it tenderly back in its place said, —

"Don't you think I am a happy man, to have all the world love me like that?"

Then he went on to tell me how he had answered the letter, and continued the correspondence with the little English maiden whom he had never seen, and how bitterly disappointed and grieved he felt when he heard that the great traveller her father was dead, and he knew for certain that he should never be able to "press his hand" in this world. For his "dear little Anna's" sake he had often hoped to become personally acquainted with the renowned explorer, and the tears rolled down his old furrowed cheeks in genuine sympathy as he read the daughter's letter to him giving an account of her father's funeral. Nothing perhaps is more characteristic of the dear old man's inborn vanity and appreciation of his own merits than his remark as he folded up the letter.

"Yes, Livingstone was a great man, and did much good, but he was not loved in the hearts of the world as I am. When I die *every one* will come and put flowers on my coffin."

And sure enough every one did who could get into the church a year after, during the funeral service read over the remains of the most unique man who ever lived.

The letter is as follows: —

Sept. 24, 1874.

MY DEAR HANS ANDERSEN, — I have often thought of you since you wrote to me last, and wished to write to you, but I could not do so before. You would see from the newspapers the great sorrow we have had this year. I did so expect to have had papa take me to see you in Denmark. Instead of going the dif-

ferent places I fully intended to with papa, I was obliged to take the sad journey to London to see him buried in Westminster Abbey. Both my aunts were there, and also my brothers and sister. We had all wreaths of pure white flowers to put on his coffin. At one o'clock the procession entered the abbey, and the coffin was placed on velvet tressels. It was covered with a black velvet pall, edged with white silk, and the top of the coffin was covered with white wreaths and palm-leaves. While the procession was moving along the organ played most beautifully. Then we all sang that hymn,—

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

Then the procession to the grave formed. Immediately after the coffin came grandpapa (Dr. Moffat) and my two brothers, Thomas and Oswald. Next came my sister and myself, and behind us my aunts, and then friends. When the coffin was set down at the grave, which was all draped in black, Agnes, my sister, and I had to lay our wreaths on the coffin, and then my aunts laid theirs. One of my aunts from the south of England laid a wreath of violets and primroses from a lane that papa liked to walk in very much. We were ranged round close to the grave, and a beautiful anthem was sung, called, "His Body was Buried in Peace." Then the dean read the funeral service and all was over. The abbey was crowded, and the vergers of the abbey said they had never seen such a number of people in Westminster Abbey since the death of the prince consort. There was a funeral service preached in the abbey the next Sunday. The picture of me which I send you is taken just as I stood at papa's grave. It was my first visit to London. Papa's two colored servants were here seeing us last week. They were telling us a great many interesting things about papa, and one of them, called Chumah, made a little model of the grass hut in which papa died, and showed us the position of papa's bed in it. It is very interesting to us. I was very sorry to hear you had been ill; I hope you are better now.

I forgot to tell you that our beloved queen sent a most lovely white wreath, and she and the Prince of Wales had their carriages at the abbey.

I have told you all I know, so with much love, I am your ever loving

ANNA MARY LIVINGSTONE.

Andersen had the happy, rare gift of creeping into people's hearts, and of becoming a part of the family in whatever household he entered. Whether it was his quick sympathies with the young people, or the charm of his own simple nature, which accepted each act of affection and kindness as his right by reason of the genius he possessed, it would be difficult to

say, but certain it is that in each country he visited, as well as in his own land, he gained the sincere and lasting friendship of all those with whom he sojourned for a time.

Andersen enjoyed writing and receiving letters to an extent that would have been a severe tax on any one who did not live in a world so completely his own as he did. No detail concerning his friends wearied him, so long as it referred to their feelings, thoughts, and hopes of him and his works. He liked to be told over and over again that he was not forgotten, and men as well as women petted and spoiled him to his heart's content. He knew every one of any note in the world, and found time to write to them all. One of the friends he loved best was the Swedish nightingale Jenny Lind, whose voice he thought had been lent to us on earth to give us a foretaste of what heaven would be hereafter.

More than thirty years since the sweet singer wrote to him in her earnest, kindly way:—

In a letter just received I hear that you have "shed tears" over my silence. I am sorry for this, so I at once send you a few lines in order to put an end to your distress, and to beg you, my kind friend and brother, to assure me quickly that I am reinstated in your good graces.

Inexpressible thanks for your beautiful tales! I think they are the very sweetest and best, dear friend, you have yet written. . . . I scarcely know to which to give the preference—but perhaps "The Ugly Duckling" is the most beautiful. Ah! it is indeed a wonderful gift to be able to clothe your beautiful thoughts in words . . . to make a slip of paper tell the world so eloquently that the ablest and best is often concealed under a poor exterior, till the day of transformation arrives, when the beauty of soul is revealed at last. Thank you—thank you for such a lovely story! I long for the time to come when I can tell my kind friend face to face how proud I am of his friendship, and express by word of mouth the pleasure his writings give me. . . . Dear friend, everything is so nice around me. . . . My room is bright and sunny, and I have a nightingale and a goldfinch. . . . Sometimes one is silent, and then the other will hop up on his perch, look about him so bright and happy, and putting aside his tiny jealousy do his best to enliven his silent companion by singing a song so high, so deep, so loving, and so ringing, that I take my seat beside him and raise a silent prayer of thanksgiving to Him who "made so much to come from weakness." Ah! I am happy, happy! I feel as if I had found refuge in a peaceful port after buffeting on a stormy sea. . . . I have suffered a great deal . . . but I can bow my head

before the throne of grace and cry from my heart, God's will be done in all things!

Farewell! — Your affectionate sister-friend,
JENNY.

Write to me again quickly. I won't ask for a long letter — but it is always *such* a pleasure to receive and read letters from you.

This correspondence was continued through life, only broken here and there by personal interviews with the sweet singer of the north, which added warmth and vigor to the renewed interchange of letters.

It was Jenny Lind who first impressed Andersen with the sacred holiness of art, and through her, he says himself, he learned to forget himself in the service of the Supreme. No books and no human being had a better or more ennobling influence on him as a poet, than she had; and he worshipped her in consequence, as his ideal of true womanhood.

When Andersen travelled abroad he met many whose names and works were familiar to him, in an incidental, characteristic manner, which charmed his simple, childlike nature, and with whom he afterwards became close and affectionate friends.

Once when travelling through the lakes of Sweden he expressed a great desire to see Fredrika Bremer.

"I am afraid it will be impossible this time," replied the captain of the boat, to whom the remark was addressed, "as she is just now in Norway."

"I know I shall be lucky and see her in spite of that," replied Andersen laughing; "I always get what I most wish for — and I *must* see her this time."

An hour or two later on the captain returned to Andersen's side, and said smiling, —

"You are indeed a lucky fellow to have your wishes so quickly fulfilled. Miss Bremer has just come on board, and will finish the trip with us to Stockholm."

Andersen regarded this announcement as a joke, but the next morning he rose early to see the sunrise, and found a lady, neither young nor old, on deck before him.

"That is Miss Bremer," he said to himself, and forthwith entered into conversation with her and introduced himself by name.

With her, as with others, he at once became intimate, and succeeded so well in interesting her in his personal history, that she wrote to him shortly after this first interview: —

Andersen, I received your O. T.,* which is an extra and pleasant reason for carrying out my purpose. Thank you warmly and heartily for all. I have only seen you for a few hours, and yet I seem to know you well, and feel as if I must write to you as to an old friend. Accept this confession from me, in the place of all those kindly remarks one makes to a young author, or to a person from whom one expects many acts of friendliness.

I shall read your book with great delight. My mother, who always enjoys your works, desires me to greet you kindly for her, and to forward you her warm thanks.

Farewell, dear Andersen, and be happy. —
Your Swedish friend,

FREDRIKA BREMER.

Contrary to Andersen's usual habit of not voluntarily subjecting himself to adverse remarks on the productions of his pen, he sought Miss Bremer's opinion on his works, and begged her more than once to express it fearlessly, and to tell him exactly the impression left on her mind after the perusal of each of his books, which she did, and then in her pleasant, charming style added: —

If I have written too freely all my thoughts and sentiments on your books, then pardon me. But it is your own fault, inasmuch as you have planted in me a strong feeling of confidence in you. I shall never forget all you told me about yourself and your early childhood. I shall always take a warm interest in your future, to which I shall look forward with eager hope, at least as regards your writings. . . .

"I am always a steadfast friend, Andersen," she said the last time she saw him, as she laid her hand on his. She had indeed been a "steadfast friend" to him, and no wonder the tears rolled down his cheeks when he heard of her death, and said softly, "In her letters I have a treasure and a memory."

Another time, when in Paris, Andersen was accosted by a little man of Jewish cast. "I hear you are a Dane," said he. "I am German. Danes and Germans are brothers. Here is my hand!"

"Your name?" asked the fairy-tale writer, thoroughly enjoying this eccentric introduction, and eagerly curious to know the name of the one who thus addressed him.

"Heinrich Heine!"

"Ah! I *am* glad. I have wished so much to see and know you — your songs are the expression of my thoughts and feelings —"

Sept. 3, 1837.

Just as I intended writing to you, dear Herr

* "O. T. and Only a Fiddler," a work by Andersen then just published.

"Only phrases," said Heine smiling; "you would have sought me out if you had really wished to see me."

"No," replied Hans Andersen simply; "you might have thought it absurd in me, who am a Danish poet unknown to you, to seek you, and I would rather have gone without seeing you than have had you laugh at me—it would have hurt me all the more because I estimate you so highly."

Thus began an intimacy which in after years ripened into true friendship. Just before Andersen left Paris for Italy, the German poet wrote to him in a strain after Andersen's own heart:—

I should have wished, my dear colleague, to scribble a few verses to you, but to-day I cannot even write prose. Farewell! I wish you a pleasant journey to Italy. When you return home write down in German what you have felt and seen in Italy. That would make me very happy.

H. HEINE.

After leaving France, where he had enjoyed many evenings in company with Rachel, Victor Hugo, Dumas, and others of note, Andersen entered Germany. He travelled along the Rhine, and stopping at St. Goar, inquired for the poet Freiligrath.

When he arrived at the house Andersen walked in, found the poet sitting at his table busy with his papers, and said in his low, pleasant tones, "I could not pass by without paying my respects to you."

"That is kind of you," returned Freiligrath coldly, somewhat annoyed at the intrusion, and far from guessing who his visitor might be. "May I ask your name?"

"We have one and the same friend, Chamisso!" replied Andersen quietly.

The poet jumped up from his seat with a cry of joy, exclaiming, "You are then Andersen!" threw his arms round his neck and hugged him to his heart.

"You must stop here a few days," said Freiligrath presently. "My friends will want to see you—and you *must* learn to know my wife, for you were the incidental means of our being married."

"Ah! that is nice—but how?"

"Well, we had a correspondence about your book 'Only a Fiddler,' and that led to our getting fond of one another."

Saying which the poet called to his wife, and presented her to Andersen, with whom she soon became warm friends.

At last, after lingering through the beautiful Hartz Mountains, Andersen reached Leipzig, where he spent what he called a "truly poetical evening" with Robert Schumann. For several years

previously he had carried on a correspondence with the German composer. In 1842 Schumann had written to him:—

What must you think of me for leaving your letter, which delighted me to receive, so long unanswered? But I did not wish to appear before you empty-handed—although I know that I am in fact only giving back to you what I at first received from you. Accept my music—the music I have set to your words in a friendly spirit. Perhaps, at first, it will strike you as quaint and peculiar. But then your poems had that effect on me at first! And the more I studied them the more quaint became my music—hence, the fault is yours. . . . My wife has told me so much about you, and I have had your person so often described to me in detail, that I believe I should know you if I met you by accident. Are you not already known to me through your poems, your "Improvisatore" and your exquisite "Only a Fiddler"? Have I not also a complete translation of your smaller poems? Truly they contain many gems for musicians.

What could be more flattering to Hans Andersen than the touching homage of such a letter from a man of Schumann's genius?

Then again, a couple of years later, the German composer writes to say that he will "devote all his powers" to composing the music to one of Andersen's pieces, so no wonder the sweet story-teller of Denmark enjoyed, at last, a face-to-face interview with Schumann, in his own home, with his gifted wife by his side. Andersen never could forget the impression of unmixed pleasure left on his mind by that first evening spent in such goodly company; the poet and the composer alone listening to the exquisite music played and sung to them by Madame Schumann and her accomplished friend, Madame Frege.

In 1847 Andersen visited England. Here he made many friends, went out a great deal, and saw, according to his own account, not only much of "high life," but "several of the country's most excellent men and women." He learned to know Dickens and to love him with a warm and brotherly affection which continued through life. This affection was fully returned by Dickens, for, years after, he wrote to Andersen:—

When are you coming to see us again? In these years you have not faded out of the hearts of the English people, but have become even better known and more beloved than when you saw them for the first time. When Aladdin shall have come out of those caves of science to run a triumphant course on earth and make us all wiser and better—as I know

you will—you ought to come for another visit. We would all do our best to make you happy. . . .

. . . I have had the heartiest pleasure in hearing from you again, and I assure you that I love and esteem you more than I could tell you on as much paper as would pave the whole road from here to Copenhagen.—Ever your affectionate friend,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Andersen enjoyed his visit to England, and appreciated to the full the kindness and attention bestowed on him by all those who took pleasure in entertaining him; but the one spot which ever after lay nearest his heart—the place perhaps dearest to him outside his own beloved country—was Seven Oaks—the residence of his loved and esteemed friend, Mr. Richard Bentley. There he felt thoroughly at home.

Andersen's nature was essentially a grateful one. If once assured of the unbiased good-will of those whom he loved, he always remembered and spoke of them with unfailing affection. Now and again he would express his gratitude for past favors in a quaint fashion, so charming in itself, that he made one love him, if possible, more than before.

His visit to Seven Oaks left a halo of fascination in his memory which shone forth in after years at odd, unexpected moments, forcing one to acknowledge the deep, tender affection he had for the family, while one smiled at the simple, child-like way in which it was expressed.

I remember on one occasion at a singularly happy breakfast party, when every one was in a genial, pleasant mood, and the spirit of harmony seemed to have breathed itself into each person present—the coffee was delicious, the bread and fruit and various dishes all that could be desired—Andersen, who had been enjoying himself more than usual, rose from his seat and said quietly, —

"Friends, I will say grace!"

Then raising his hands and bowing his gaunt figure low over the table, he said in a reverential, hushed, but audible tone:—

"I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast permitted me to enjoy another breakfast such as I had at Mr. Bentley's! Amen!"

For a moment I thought the dear old man had lost his senses, or was making fun, but a glance at his earnest face rebuked the idea, and I felt ashamed of my mistake. Higher praise he could not give, either to those around him or to the good things on the table than to liken them to similar breakfasts enjoyed at

Seven Oaks, and in his simple fashion he said so.

His stay with Dickens was a "bright point" in his life, and he found it very hard to say farewell when the time came for him to leave; but over and over again I have heard him say in reference to "home," as he called Seven Oaks, that *there* he felt at peace. "Friends are treated like the sons and daughters while they are there," he said another time, "and to be the son of that old man, the father, warmed my heart to deep feeling."

When Andersen heard of the death of Dickens he said sorrowfully, "All's over, and that happens to all stories," and went away alone to weep. But when the news reached him of the death of his former host at Seven Oaks, he murmured, "My best friend is gone! He loved me, and oh! how I loved him!"

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE CZAR'S CLEMENCY; A POLISH PRIEST'S STORY.

I.

THE governor of the district of Podlaquia sent for me and said in French, "Casimir Barinski has been pardoned, and will return from Siberia to-day. He is to reside in this town of Dolw. I rely upon you to impress on him that he must show himself deserving of the czar's clemency by the most scrupulous loyalty henceforth."

I bowed humbly and retired.

So many Poles from the district of Podlaquia were transported after the rebellion of 1863-4 that nine persons out of ten might not have remembered who Casimir Barinski was; but I knew very well. I am the priest of the town of Dolw, which has but one Catholic parish, a great number of the population being Jews; and I keep a register, in which I have entered the names and alleged crimes of those among my parishioners who have suffered for our national cause. The police, who pay me frequent domiciliary visits, have asked more than once what I mean by keeping this register; but I have always answered that, in the event of his Majesty deigning to pardon any of the misguided men or women who joined in the civil war, it is good that I should preserve some record of their individual offences, so as to caution them against relapsing into the same on their return. I have also had the honor of explaining to

the chief of the police that the notes, which I have preserved as to the characters of the offenders, would enable me to address each with the words of admonition best suited to him.

The police, seeing how very unfavorable are all these character notes, have been satisfied till now; but I think they would be less pleased could they guess that every censorious epithet bears in my eyes a contrary sense, and that by certain cryptographic signs of my own, such as the shape of capital letters and the position of commas, I am able to reconstruct at a glance the true and private history of the exiles, whom my entries appear one and all to condemn.

Thus, I consulted my register on getting home, and found by a large hooked *k* in Casimir Barinski's name that he had done nothing whatever worthy of punishment; the words *quarrelsome* and *disingenuous* reminded me at the same time of his courage and candor. He was barely twenty when exiled in 1863, along with his father and three brothers, who had all died since, as I heard, in the mines of Oural. His mother was dead likewise, and his only sister, Eveline, was married and settled in France. Every one knows that the Barinskis have been from father to son staunch patriots; and I have no doubt that, if the occasion had offered, Casimir would have drawn his sword for Poland, as others of his family did; but it happened that the insurrection had not yet spread to Dolw when the father and his sons were all arrested one night and sent away to Siberia, without even the form of a trial. Such proceedings were not exceptional in those days. The denunciation of a spy was enough; and a semicolon apprised me that the spy who had betrayed the Barinskis was Countess Paulina Marienha, who still resides in our town.

I stood pensively looking at the semicolon for nearly half an hour, then closed the register, and went out to pay a visit to the Countess Marienha.

She was at home in her large old mansion of the Artillery Square. Her maid, the red-haired Jewess, Rebecca, conducted me to her boudoir, and I found her deep in her favorite occupation of drinking Caravan tea, and telling her own fortune with a pack of cards. She had just turned up the knave of hearts when I entered.

Paulina Marienha was close upon forty, but could have passed herself off for thirty, and I believe did. The proverbial beauty of Polish women was all hers; with her dark hair, large eyes, lithe figure, and daz-

zling complexion, she quite realized the Lithuanian poet's description of his countrywomen: "Frisky as kittens, white as cream, under their black eyelashes their eyes sparkle like stars." I have never known any woman exercise such fascination on those who approached her, so that even I, her confessor, found that the sins which she avowed to me had not such a bad appearance as the sins of other people. She had coaxing ways and a childlike manner of pouting, by placing her hands before her face and crying real tears when rebuked, the which made me often wonder whether she was as conscious as ordinary grown-up persons of the enormity of the things which she did. Her laugh was as seductive as her weeping; and, notwithstanding that she was so near middle age, there was not a wrinkle on her white brow, though God and I knew too well what deep lines would have been imprinted there if the fearful secrets of her heart had each left a mark.

Rebecca, the Jewess, placed my shovell-hat on a *chiffonniere* and brought me a cup; then left us. When I was alone with the countess, who was wrapped up in a pale-blue satin dressing-gown, and had a number of jewelled rings on her finger, I said to her, —

"Paulina, Casimir Barinski has been pardoned and is coming back."

"That is my knave of hearts," she answered, pointing to her cards; "I knew it announced a fair stranger."

"Casimir has been in exile thirteen years, and those years count double."

"Poor fellow! but a man is still young at thirty-three."

"If Casimir should still be young in heart if he should still feel for you as he once did, you must not trifle with him as you did last time, eh?"

"What an idea, father!" And she laughed with the coquetry of a girl of eighteen. "Who would fall in love with an old woman of my age?"

"Pauline," I said, with more sadness than severity, "not one of the patriot Poles, save myself, whose lips are sealed, knows of the treacherous part you played towards our countrymen. You are respected as one of the mainstays of our cause; you give alms and are beloved; and yet it was you who sent those Barinskis, with numerous others, into exile."

"Well, I confessed it to you, and you gave me absolution," she replied, preparing to pout. "You have no right to reproach me with an old story now."

"I do not reproach you, but being igno-

rant how far you are dealing faithfully with us now, I appeal to you not to do the same thing again. Casimir's only crime was that he made love to you at a time when you were flirting with some one whom you liked better."

"He plagued me with his outbursts of jealousy," she said, assuming her plaintive tone. "As to doing the same thing again, why should you deem me capable of it? Do not I attend your confessional every week, and tell you the smallest of my sins?"

"Alas! it is the smallness of your sins, Paulina, which makes me fear that you have some other private confessor to whom you retail the big ones," said I, stirring my tea, with a sigh, for I knew the duplicity of women. At this I noticed that she changed color, but she laughed at the same moment, and asked where I could have learned of such tricks. "Is it possible that some women can split their confessions into halves, and divide them between two priests?" she said.

"Yes, and I believe that is your case," I replied sternly. "Will you look in my eyes and affirm it is not so?"

"Oh, I will look into your eyes for a whole hour," she ejaculated, opening wide her eyeballs as they do to amuse children. "I am a better penitent than you think, father. There is not a naughty thing I do but you hear of it. However, if you find my sins too small I can make them larger."

I chid her for this profanity, and we talked for a while of other things; then I left her. But I was not without misgivings.

Paulina Marienha had no religion, but she was superstitious as an old peasant woman. I believe she imagined herself adroit enough to throw dust into the eyes of the saints, and get into heaven under cover of her mere good works. What with her prayers and alms, the votive tapers she burned, and the fine gifts she made to adorn our Lady-altar, the account of her benefactions exceeded that of most pious Christians: and she alluded to this fact with the utmost complacency, as though the doors of paradise could never be decently closed to one who had laid up so much treasure there as she. I am afraid that she never scrupled to tell untruths, but she would not have let a week pass without confessing these falsehoods to some priest in order to get absolved from them.

I have observed that women who habitually resort to confession are much more

liable to commit atrocities than others. They look upon their shrift as a wiping off of all old scores, and a license to begin sinning afresh. I have heard a peasant woman threaten to poison her husband, adding that when he was safe under ground she would make her confession, do a penance of a long prayers, and then live with a conscience clear, owing to absolution. Paulina Marienha was a Catholic who would have considered herself quit of any crime on the same terms. She had once poured out her whole soul to me, but finding me firm in the doctrine that divine pardon can only be earned by a true repentance as shown in altered modes of life, she grew reticent, and from that day forth began to confess to me only trifles, which it was a trouble to listen to with patience. Evidently she told me many untruths in answer to the searching questions I put her; but what could a few falsehoods signify more or less to a woman who would relieve herself by repairing to the confessional of some obscure village priest, to whom she was unknown, and, after telling him things to make his hair stand on end, purchase absolution by a donation which led him to believe in the fervor of her charity? There are many good men among my country brethren who would not have absolved Paulina Marienha if they had known her as I did, but one cannot marvel that simple-minded ministers should often have been deceived by the well-dressed lady who would kneel and weep by the hour until forgiven. Besides there may have been some of the poorer ones who truly thought that her gifts atoned for a great deal.

Two days after my conversation with the countess, I was saying early mass in our church of St. Stanislas, when a tall man, in furred boots, walked up the nave and knelt reverently near the chancel rail. I recognized him at a glance for Casimir Barinski.

There was never such a handsome family in Dolw as the Barinskis. The men looked proud and bold, though gentle as women; and the women had the high spirit and courage of their brothers. But if I had not known Casimir was coming back I might have gazed twice before guessing which one of the family this was, for he had aged so as to be the image of the dead father. His brown beard was streaked with grey, his shoulders stooped, and his eyes were cavernous, with the melancholy of long suffering. He cast a mild glance at me, and our eyes met as I

faced my scanty congregation, chiefly composed of women, and said, "*Domine vobiscum.*"

I could not help hurrying a little through the service, for my heart beat as fast as my lips moved, and as I passed down the chancel I beckoned to Casimir to follow me. As soon as we were in the sacristy we fell into each other's arms, and I held him to me as if I had found a lost son.

"Father, father," he sobbed. "I thought I should never see any of you again."

"God is good, my son," I said, wiping my eyes. "And your brothers, your father? is it true that —"

"Yes, they are dead," he replied, with calm sorrow. "You did hear of it, then?"

"Alas, yes! but the news that comes from Siberia is so uncertain that I thought there might be hope."

"They died of privations and of grief, father; I wonder how I survived them."

"Heaven be praised that you did; and you are strong and well?"

"With such strength and health as you see," he answered, pointing to his grizzled beard, which in the dim light of the sacristy looked greyer than in the church.

We said nothing more then because of my sacristan, who came in. Nicholas Levitski, a conceited Jew, was a man in whose presence it was well to hold one's peace, for, without transgressing charity, I may say that words which dropped into his ears were not lost. He smiled with unctuous humility, and walked round Casimir as if smelling him, like a watch-dog does a stranger.

"You will come and breakfast with me?" I said to Casimir, and I had soon removed my chasuble and surplice; then I opened the door, and we stepped across the street to my small presbytery. I promise you that I embraced the poor boy again when I was out of Nicholas Levitski's sight. I made him sit down by the glazed stove in the dining-room, and called to my old servant, Elizabeth, to prepare us the best meal she could.

Elizabeth was apt to grumble when I brought home a guest without having forewarned her, so, before obeying me, she came in to take a peep at the stranger. But when I had pronounced Casimir Barinski's name, she knelt down at his feet, as the women always do before a returned exile, and asked him his blessing as if he had come back from the dead. He made the sign of the cross upon her forehead, and simply said, "God prosper all such of

thy wishes as are good!" Thereon Elizabeth, who was crying, went off to the butcher's to fetch some veal chops: the worthy soul would have gone barefoot to market through the snow to feed an exile. As for me I uncorked a bottle of white Crimean wine, and, while we were waiting breakfast, sought to draw from Casimir an account of the things he had suffered. He answered obligingly, but I soon saw that his reminiscences distressed him. He was not like a traveller who returns from a far country, and is happy to astonish people with his marvellous adventures; if I wrote down but a part of what he told me, you would understand that thirteen years of such things as he endured are more gladly forgotten than recounted, even to a friend whose questions are not prompted by idle curiosity. I am too old a man not to know that at Camisir's age it is more natural to look forward than behind, so I ended by asking him what he was going to do now.

"Why, I shall marry my pretty Ioulka (Juliet) Zezioff," he said, brightening, and as though alluding to an affair settled long ago. "Where is the betrothed who has ever remained so faithful as she has to me?"

"Do you mean the late Dr. Zezioff's daughter?" I asked, astonished. "I was not even aware that she knew you."

"Ah, she has kept her secret then!" he said with a smiling face. "Why, she cut her hair off on the day I went away, and she has worn it short till now. She was seventeen then, and thirteen years have passed since then, but they have not rendered her less fair or tender."

"And did you love Ioulka before you went away, Casimir?"

"She loved me, and I love her now. I have done so ever since I thought upon her in my exile, and reflected how blind I had been not to accept the child-heart that was offered me. But it was generous of her to guess that I should repent, wasn't it? and to remain faithful to me exactly as if we had plighted our troths?"

"Does Ioulka's mother approve this match?"

"She approves it, and encouraged Ioulka's fidelity. To-day she placed her daughter's hand in mine, and she says it is owing to her prayers and Ioulka's that heaven sent me back."

It was as though a great weight had been lifted off my heart when I heard that Casimir Barinski was to marry Ioulka Zezioff, one of the most pious and sensible girls in our town. His life would not

be purposeless now, and there was no danger of his falling into trouble with such a good young creature for his wife. My only wonder was that neither Ioulka nor her mother, who were good friends of mine, had ever breathed a word about the engagement; but to be sure, those who remain faithful to Siberian exiles are like those who are wedded to the memory of the dead, and they cherish their love in silence. I had so little hope that Casimir would ever return, that I might have been the first to dissuade Ioulka from wasting her youth in waiting for him.

Now, however, I told Casimir that I trusted he would call upon me to solemnize his marriage as soon as possible; and thereupon we sat down to the veal chops and fried ham which Elizabeth had prepared. I was glad to see Casimir eat with a good appetite, but he was so thorough a gentleman that he may have done this out of politeness to me, his host. While we ate he inquired as to what changes had taken place in the town during his absence, and I could only give him a poor account of the lives we led under the hardships of our oppressors. Elizabeth, too, lifted up her voice, so that I was obliged to check her, for women's tongues often carry them too far.

One point, nevertheless, preoccupied me greatly; and when, breakfast being over, Casimir and I drew our chairs near the stove to drink our black coffee and smoke a pipe, I asked him whether he knew through whose intercession he had obtained his pardon.

He shook his head.

"I have not the least idea. Thousands of others who are more innocent than I will remain in Siberia all their lives. I thought you might know more about it than I."

"If I were speaking to any other but a Barinski," said I, "I might suppose that persecution had shaken your fidelity to our cause, as it has in other cases where the flesh is weak; but I know you too well to think you would crave a pardon by recanting. Have you any friends at court?"

"None that I know of," he replied, "and far from recanting I was often too outspoken in my loathing of Russian barbarity. I expect the chief inspector told me the truth when he said it was my poems that had procured me the pardon I never deigned to seek."

"Your poems, Casimir? Have you turned poet then?"

"A man must do something in those long Siberian evenings, which are eigh-

teen hours long," he answered, with a smile and a slight blush. "I wrote some verses which the exiles repeated over their winter fires, and after I had been ten years at Irmsk, many of them had become familiar in the mouths of the colonists. One day when the chief inspector came on his half-yearly rounds, he alluded to these poems and asked whether I would give him copies of them. I did so, for there was no reason to refuse."

"Were they patriotic poems? Was there politics in them?"

"Oh no, they were ballads and sonnets such as the peasants in Lithuania and Ukraine might sing in wedding-feasts, or drone at funeral wakes. As I had composed them amid perennial snows I entitled them collectively 'Snowflakes.' They were enough to make a small volume."

"Which has been published?"

"So it seems, but not with my name to it, or with my leave. Three years passed after I had seen the chief inspector, and then he came again (it was not always the same man who came). 'I have had your verses printed,' said he; 'here are a thousand roubles as the price of the copyright, and the emperor's pardon along with them.' I thought he was joking, but the next morning the escort arrived to take me away in the sledges, and here I am."

I made no immediate answer, for I was plunged in deep thought. I remembered having seen on Countess Marienha's table a small volume with the title "Snowflakes," and I felt a presentiment that it must be she who had applied for Casimir's pardon. But if my suspicions were correct, and if Paulina had influence enough to bring back a proscript from Siberia, then it was evident that she must still be in the pay of the imperial police, and her treacherous friendship might be as dangerous to Casimir now as it had been of yore. I stood in woful straits, for I could not warn Casimir to stand aloof from a lady who enjoyed the respect of the Poles, and upon whom he would be sure to call as a matter of duty. All I knew to Paulina's disadvantage had been told me by herself in the confessional, and if I had divulged a word of it, I must have betrayed the most sacred trust of my ministry.

I could only rejoice that neither by word nor sign did Casimir give any indication of remembering the boyish passion which had brought him such cruel hardships. He did not once pronounce Paulina's name while we sat together.

II.

It is not all to give an exile his pardon: one must afford him some means of living, and this the Russian government neglects to do. It also throws many obstacles in the way of a Pole's earning his bread as he best can.

The property of the Barinskis had been confiscated: not only their lands, but their personalities, even to the wine in their cellars, had been seized; and Casimir had to begin life afresh with the thousand roubles which a publisher had paid for his poems. He had been educated like a nobleman,—that is, he had learned many things superficially and nothing well, but he completed his education in exile, and he might have prospered either as a professor or a writer of books, had not the government imposed such rigorous conditions to his release as virtually chained both his tongue and his pen. Casimir was compelled to reside at Dolw, and was obliged to report himself at the police-office twice a week; he was prohibited from teaching children, from publishing a line not previously submitted to the press-censorship, and was warned, moreover, that if he attempted to leave the country, or to excite public sympathy for his wrongs, either by dilating upon them among his friends or by communicating with foreign newspapers, his pardon would instantly be revoked. These conditions were not made known to the proscrip until his arrival at Dolw, but he had no alternative except submission, unless he would return to Siberia. For want of a better handicraft, he determined upon utilizing the metallurgical knowledge he had acquired in the mines of Oural, and hired himself out as a journeyman to a silversmith.

I felt sad and ashamed upon learning that the heir of the great family of Barinski was going to be employed as a smelter for less than a rouble a day by Solomon Paskoff, who keeps the jeweller's shop in the street of St. Isaac, close to the ancestral mansion of the Barinskis. This very street was formerly called after the Barinskis, and every day, in going to his work and returning from it, Casimir would pass by the home of his fathers, which was now the residence of the general who commands the garrison. He did not seem to mind this much; and as to his work, he said with resignation that he was glad to find a livelihood at all, for that Ioulka and her mother had only just enough to keep them, and he would have scrupled to take

a wife, unless he could earn at least the bread he ate. Besides he hoped to be able to get away before long with his wife and mother-in-law and join his sister Eveline in France.

I owed Madame Zezioff and her daughter a call now that I knew of Ioulka's engagement, and so proceeded to their house, after vespers the day following that when I had seen Casimir. The Zezioffs lived in modest lodgings, without a servant, and did their cooking for themselves, though time was when they had had several servants, in the days when Dr. Zezioff was the chief practitioner in Dolw, before the civil war, where he was killed by a bullet in tending the wounded upon a battle-field. Ioulka's hands were covered with flour when she opened the door for me, and at the first compliment I uttered upon her coming marriage, she blushed and ran back to the kitchen. Her mother came forward, laughing, and led me into the drawing-room, where I found Casimir, who was seated near the stove with muddy boots, for he had been walking about the town all day in search of occupation.

It was then he told me that Solomon Paskoff had employed him, and we talked about this matter, Madame Zezioff seeming as concerned as I that no worthier field could be found for his talents. Presently Ioulka came back, with her hands washed, and sat down near her mother to hem a handkerchief, but she was all radiant with inward happiness and saw nothing to fret about, now that Casimir had returned in health. It takes a good deal to persuade a girl in love that the earth is not full of bright prospects. I noticed that there was a striking resemblance between mother and daughter: they looked like copies of the same engraving,—the one in pale tints, the other in bright. Madame Zezioff's hair was silver white, though she was no more than fifty, and her complexion was pale as wax; Ioulka's hair was glossy chestnut, and her features pink; but both had the same large hazel eyes and an identical voice, low and soft, which, as Milton truly says, is an excellent thing in woman.

The Zezioffs wanted me to stay for supper, but I had some parish visiting to do, and wished to avail myself of the evening, for we were in early summer. My visit was only one of congratulation: however, I lingered awhile, when Casimir said he would dictate to me the ages and full names of Ioulka and himself, to put in the banns, as he was desirous that no time should be lost in concluding the preliminaries of

his marriage, which I thought a wise resolve.

"We will be married in three weeks, father," he said, whilst I put on my spectacles and looked at Ioulka, who reddened again. "After that I will see if I cannot give the police the slip, and cross the Gallician frontier, with or without a passport."

"Take care, my son," I answered, for I was always fearful lest some one with ears like those of Nicholas Levitski should be eavesdropping. "Had not you better submit to the discomforts of this country, rather than risk worse by trying to leave it?"

"They will end by driving me mad, if I stay here," said Casimir, rather moodily.

"We will all cross the frontier disguised as peasants," said Ioulka, with as much hopefulness as if she were in her teens again.

"I do not wonder at your wishing to forsake a country which our oppressors render uninhabitable; and yet it is sad to me to see all of Poland's best sons who are not exiled, emigrate of their own will," said I.

"If I could do good by staying, I would stay," said Casimir, taking one of Ioulka's hands from her work and putting it between his own. "But of what use can I be here, father? In France I might take to authorship and publish what things our brothers in Siberia are suffering: not many of us come back to tell the tale."

"And you might write more poems," added Ioulka, softly.

"Yes, Casimir Barinski has turned poet," remarked Madame Zezioff, addressing me with a motherly pride in her glance. "He has told you of his book, has he not, father? The worst of it is that we had never heard of the 'Snow-flakes,' and cannot procure a copy. Ioulka and I went the round of the booksellers this morning in vain."

"That proves that my genius has not yet set the world on fire," remarked Casimir, good-humoredly.

I did not say I knew where a copy of the poems was to be obtained, but in the next breath Casimir fortuitously mentioned Countess Marienha's name in a manner that caused me uneasiness.

"I want to find out where my sister Eveline is," he said; "but dare not write to France, for my letters would be opened by the Black Bureau at the post-office. I am told that the Countess Marienha still keeps up relations with the Polish committee in Paris, and I have a good mind to

ask her if she will be so obliging as to make inquiries."

"No, don't ask anything of Countess Marienha," I replied, hastily.

"Why not?" he rejoined, in surprise; then added, as he raised Ioulka's fingers to his lips with a smile, "oh, it is because I once allowed my wings to be singed by the flame of her bright eyes! I warn you that is an old, old tale, father."

"The tale of a boy's romance," said Mme. Zezioff, with an air as though she felt sure that there existed no danger for the future.

"And Ioulka is not jealous," continued Casimir.

The excellent girl cast a trustful look at him as she playfully answered: "The countess is still very pretty though—but she is good—oh, so good!"

"Yes, she is good," I grumbled, "but that is precisely why I would not have Casimir requesting any favors that might compromise her."

"God forbid that I should lead her into any trouble," said Casimir seriously. "If you think I might injure her I will refrain. It is my intention to call on her this evening, for they tell me Thursday is still her reception night. I bought a dress suit this morning for the purpose."

"Yes, it is a duty to pay your respects to Countess Marienha," concurred Mme. Zezioff. "She is the providence of all our suffering countrymen."

"There is not a man or woman in want but she relieves them," chimed in Ioulka enthusiastically. "If she were to disappear from amongst us, it would be as if the sun's light were darkened."

It hurt me to hear these honest people join in the praises of a woman who—Heaven help her—was not worthy to tie their shoestrings, so I took my leave in sorry humor; but before reaching the bottom of the stairs I had made up my mind that I too would attend the countess's levee to witness the meeting between her and unsuspecting Casimir.

Paulina Marienha opened her gilded drawing-rooms every Thursday evening, and hers was the only house where anything like social festivity was kept up among Christian Poles of the respectable classes. I say Christians, because the Jews form a class apart in our midst. The insurrection of 1863 was conducted without reference to their interests; perhaps the Catholic nobles who were its leaders, were even too forgetful that the Jews stinted neither their blood nor money, and were consequently deserving of more consideration

than was shown them; anyhow, having been constantly treated as pariahs by our nobility, the Jews have dissociated themselves, in heart, from our cause, and get on well enough with our oppressors. All the trade of Poland is in their hands, and a great many of the smaller government clerkships: they keep open shop, manage the hotels, lend money to Russian officers, and by their numbers, industry, wealth, and general appearance of equanimity, keep up a semblance of life in cities, which but for them would be dead.

A stranger who visited such a town as Dolow in the expectation of finding it silent and mournful, would be mistaken. The garrisons are so large, and the officers and civil functionaries are so fond of gaiety, that they of themselves are enough to make the streets lively. They have their clubs, where they gamble wofully, their theatre, their regimental bands, which play on the summer evenings in the Artillery Square, their dinner-parties and balls; but from all these rejoicings the true Poles remain absent, and by their very absence contribute to the idea that they are non-existent. If you would find traces of Russian oppression, you must seek it in the schools, where our language is not allowed to be taught; in our Catholic churches, where priests dare not speak a word that would revive the patriotism of their countrymen; in the conscription, which takes off our young men to serve for years in regiments where they have no chance of promotion, and where they are harshly treated by officers who dread and hate them; in our country districts, where the confiscated estates of patriot noblemen are all managed by the agents of absentee court favorites; and in the general air of moroseness prevalent amongst our Christian countrymen, who are terrorized by police espionage. There are no exponents of Polish grievances in the local press; a Catholic Pole, unless he be some shameless renegade who has joined in spoiling us, is not suffered to hold any public post of trust; and such of the Polish nobles who remain in our towns lead hole-and-corner lives in lodgings, whose walls seem to have ears, judging by the promptness with which any unguarded word is carried to the police-office and punished.

I have often wondered that the fact of Countess Marienba's being permitted to retain her estates, and exercise such lavish hospitality as she did, should not have opened the eyes of some of our better-educated countrymen to her true character;

and yet I myself certainly attended her receptions for a long time without suspecting aught of what I subsequently learned. The truth is, that, as she herself told me, the Russian government find it convenient to tolerate a social outlet for the national discontent, which else might ferment under the surface in conspiracies; and Paulina was instructed to join in the disaffected talk of her countrymen, nay, to promote disaffection, so that she might become possessed of the secrets of the patriots, and skilfully lead them to a pass where sudden detection (resulting apparently from chance) should place them at the mercy of the police. Whether she played this evil game during all the thirteen years of Casimir Barinski's absence, I am unable to say, wishing only to write of such things as I know; and, in any case, her work during this epoch would have been comparatively light, for the repression of 1864 had been so bloody and thorough that there was no spirit left in any of us. But at the time of Casimir's return rumors were rife of the Eastern war now raging; and I began to feel convinced from what our young exile had told me, that Paulina was once again about to co-operate with our enemies in thwarting whatever national impulses the troubled state of political matters might call forth.

It was about eight o'clock, and the crowds of Russian soldiers and nursemaids, mingled with young Jews and Jewesses, were streaming homewards from the Artillery Square, where the band of the Kherson regiment of hussars had been playing, when I, having put on my Sunday cassock and plated shoe-buckles, presented myself at the countess's house. The major-domo, in black livery, made me a bow and conducted me to the chief drawing-room, where several guests were already assembled, among whom my arrival excited no surprise, for I had long been free of the house. I thought I could detect, however, that Paulina colored slightly and bit her lips, though she received me with much outward cordiality and deference. She was very beautifully dressed in white silk looped up with bunches of carnations, the assortment of these two colors forming those of our Polish flag—scarlet and white. I had no need of introduction to any of the company, who were all known to me. There were two or three aged nobleman, who had been too old at the time of the rebellion to take part in it; and some young men who had been boys at the same date, but there was not a single man of middle age. A few pretty young ladies in white muslin,

and some elderly ones, attired in somewhat worn-out finery, completed the circle in which, needless to say, there was not a Russian uniform to be seen.

While tea and sweetmeats were being handed round, Paulina, who was an active hostess, organized the card-tables, where the old noblemen sat down to play whist at two kopecks the point. Casimir had not yet come, but as the clock on the mantel-shelf struck nine, the major-domo opened the door and announced: "Count Barinski."

All eyes converged towards the threshold, and by a common movement of sympathy and respect, every one of the guests, men and women, stood up. Like my old servant Elizabeth, they were disposed to look upon the young exile as returned from the grave. Irreproachably dressed, and looking quite the well-bred nobleman that he was, Casimir advanced to greet our hostess, but she with an impulse which would have been charming in any other person, put her hands on his shoulders, and kissed him on both cheeks. Many of the other women did the same, and so did the men. As for the young ladies, hearing that Casimir was only thirty-three, though his hair and beard were grey, they began to cry, and peeped at him out of the corners of their eyes, while drying them with their handkerchiefs.

I forget whether Paulina cried or not: if my memory serves me, she was all of a flush, and led Casimir to a sofa, where she sat down beside him, while the rest of the company clustered around to hear the sound of his voice. At all events everybody was so enraptured in the hero that no attention was paid to my doings, and this suited me very well, for I commenced prowling about the rooms to seek for the countess's copy of the "Snowflakes."

I found it at last behind a bookshelf in her boudoir, where it had evidently been thrust out of sight. This boudoir was a wondrous chamber, furnished with yellow satin, and it had a fireplace after the French fashion, with pine-logs burning; so I sat down by the hearth, and put on my spectacles to examine the pages of the volume.

The first poem on which my eyes lit was this little ode, which I have translated into prose:—

TO PAULINA.

The snowflakes fall and cloak the ground
—Whiter than the feathers of the holy dove
—Whiter than bridal veil or virgin's shroud
—But not whiter than thy snowy breast—
Paulina!

Soft they fall over land and sea—Their touch could not wake a sleeping child—Softer than the balm of May's mild breeze—But not more soft than thy kiss—Paulina!

Cold is the earth where the snowflakes fall—Cold as the hand that rests in death—Colder than marble which hides the grave—But not more cold than thy heart—Paulina!

It is not possible to render in any other tongue—not even in our Polish—the dreamy beauty of these verses written in the Lithuanian dialect. There were many others like them addressed to the countess, and, from what I could conjecture, they must have been indited before Casimir went into exile, whilst he was completely under the thrall of his dangerous charmer, and he must have kept them in his collection after his love had grown cold, merely from the vanity usual to young poets. However, as I conned over one amorous sonnet after another I was at no loss to account for the reason which must have impelled Paulina to sue for Casimir's pardon: beyond a doubt she was in love with him. She was a widow, and nearing the age when the adoration of men was likely to cease, but she had yet several years of beauty before her, and what more likely than that, finding (as she must have supposed) the heart of the noble young exile still faithful to her, gratified self-love, mixed with remorse, may have induced her to dream of devoting the remainder of her life to one whom she had so fearfully wronged? Paulina Marienha was quite capable of forming a plan of this sort, for, in her, good was curiously wrought up with evil, as in the clay-footed beast of the apocalyptic vision. I sat so long by the fire in the boudoir, reading the pretty poems, that midnight struck before I was aware of the flight of time, whereon, straining my ears to hearken, it seemed to me that all the company had gone. However, two persons were still conversing in the adjoining room, and upon my walking to the door, which was closed by a silk hanging, I saw through the lace-work of the fringe Paulina and Casimir wishing each other good-night.

They were alone. Her face was tinted with a bright glow, and her eyes glistened. Casimir maintained the deeply respectful attitude of a man who believes he is speaking to a kind of saint upon earth.

"Good night, Casimir Barinski," said the countess, in a voice soft as music, though it quavered slightly. "Mind, you must come often to see me, for I wish to hear you relate all your sorrowful adventures."

"Dear lady, those sorrows are half for-

gotten now that you shed such a kindly compassion on them."

"I have constantly thought about you," she said. "And I may hope that you did not quite forget me, judging by the verses in your charming book of poems?"

"You have read those verses, then?" he rejoined, with a little surprise. "Dear lady, my poems conveyed a homage scarcely worthy of your acceptance. It remains for me to offer with my lips the expressions of worship which your grace, beauty, and virtues call for."

"I like the homage in the book very well," she remarked, with a quiet archness. "Good night again; you have come back upon me like a vision of my youth."

"You have made me feel that it was but yesterday I last saw you," he replied, and, with an exquisite gallantry that was not of love, but of simple worldly courtesy, he stooped to kiss the hand she extended, then made a low bow and retired.

For a few minutes after he was gone Paulina stood motionless, pensively gazing after him; then she glided to the window and lifted the curtain, apparently to see him once more as he crossed the square outside. When he was out of view she dropped the curtain, thrilled from head to foot, and walked off with a slow step to her private apartments, without coming into the boudoir where I was ensconced.

Glad at not having been detected spying, I hastened down-stairs and left the house, just as the porter, who thought that all the guests were gone, was barring the door; but in my hurry I left the volume of Casimir's "Snowflakes" open on the boudoir table, and the shagreen case of my spectacles inside it.

From The Examiner.

LAWFUL ENGLISH.

AN American striving to keep pure "the well of English undefiled" is a noble spectacle, and it is not surprising that Mr. W. C. Bryant should have received many compliments on his *Index Expurgatorius*, as it has been called. The mere fact that an American editor should have drawn up for the guidance of his staff a list of words which he would not permit to be used in his journal because he did not consider them good English, is sufficient in itself to draw closer the bonds between the two countries. It is reassuring for those who despair of the future of the English language in the lawless hands of ready writers

on the other side of the Atlantic that any voice should be heard preaching respect for established usage, and trying to make the forces of innovation march in straight lines. That there should be champions of purity in America is satisfactory even for those who, however scant their sympathy with the narrow views and perverse caprices of purists, still regard their efforts as an important factor in preventing liberty of word-coining from degenerating into license. At the same time, there are so many words in Mr. Bryant's list against whose use in their proper place pedantry only could protest, that we can hardly suppose that Mr. Bryant, in interdicting his staff from the use of such words, wished to see them banished from the language altogether. It is quite possible that there were members of Mr. Bryant's staff so attached to particular expressions that they wearied his ear with them, and drove him in desperation to lay an interdict upon their favorites. Such things occasionally happen even in this country, though here, with our constitutional habits, the editor can hardly venture upon a dictatorial prohibition, and generally some compromise is effected, such as that a contributor must not use a darling adjective more than ten times in the same column, or must not draw from a beloved mediæval author more than half-a-dozen illustrations in one article. In no other way can we account for Mr. Bryant's hatred to such harmless words as "seaboard," "beat" (for defeat), "Brother Jonathan," "John Bull," "loafer," "rough," rowdy," "humbug," and so forth, all legitimate enough in their proper place, and not beneath the dignity of journalism, though they might sound startling in a bishop's pastoral.

Some of the words in Mr. Bryant's list show that he was bitten with the Anglo-Saxon mania which raged so furiously some years ago. It is evident that the list was drawn up, or at least added to, after Dean Alford's agitation in favor of what he called the queen's English, and after the publication of Dickens's novel, "Our Mutual Friend." We may fairly conjecture this from the presence, in the *Index*, of such words as "mutual," "commence," "conclusion," "début," "employé," "endorse," "jubilant," "realized," "repudiate," "residence," "subsequently," "proximity," "vicinity," "reliable." None of these words deserve the sentence of condemnation which a few zealots tried to get passed upon them; they are useful words—sometimes for variety, sometimes for brevity, sometimes for sound, sometimes for

sense, and no sentence from any authority would prevent people from using them when they had occasion. With regard to the word "reliable," which we see is condemned by one of our contemporaries as a word which "every one who has not lost his sense of propriety in language must detest," an excellent little book has recently been written by Mr. Fitzedward Hall.* This monograph is a masterpiece of minute scholarship, and may be commended to the numerous army of writers who dogmatize upon questions of philology without having taken the trouble to qualify themselves to form an opinion. The objection to the word "reliable" is of the kind that may be called "vulgar," in the inoffensive sense of that adjective. The untrained mind is caught at once by the sophism that if we are to have an adjective based upon "rely" with the meaning "capable of being relied upon," it ought to take the form "relyonable," and readily believes the statement that the form "reliable" is contrary to the usage of English derivation. It takes careful reading and philological acumen to prove, as incontestably as Mr. Hall has done, that though "reliable" belongs to a small family, it is not without congeners, and that it can plead in its favor the authority of some of the most eminent names in English literature. Nothing could be wider of the mark than to stigmatize "reliable" as an Americanism, as was the fashion when the crusade against the poor word was begun. So far as Mr. Hall has been able to trace the use of the word, its father or godfather in English was Coleridge, who used it first in the *Morning Post* in 1800, and frequently afterwards when it suited his meaning. Among modern authorities for *reliable*, Mr. Hall enumerates Mr. J. S. Mill, Mr. Charles Dickens, Dean Mansel, Father Newman, Mr. Gladstone, Miss Martineau, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Charles Reade, Professor Whitney, Mr. G. P. Marsh. Nor does he forget to mention the *Saturday Review*, into which the innocent word has often crept, in spite of the denunciations, ferocious and oracular, of one of its contributors. Mr. Hall's argument from analogy is equally conclusive. It is true that, after a searching examination, he can produce only two words in common use which have been formed in the same way as *reliable*—*conversable* and *disposable*, "capable of being conversed with," and

"capable of being disposed of." But he shows, in the course of his elaborate disquisition, that it is quite in accordance with the genius of the language to make an ellipsis of the preposition when such formations are resolved upon.

Some of those who object to *reliable* show an equal antipathy to *objectionable*. In fact, their idea seems to be that all adjective in *-able* should be banished from the language, except such as are formed from verbs with an active or a passive sense. Such impetuous philologers would do well to read Mr. Hall's list of adjectives in "*-able*," which have sprung from substantives. It comprises such respectable and well-assured words as *actionable*, *companionable*, *conscionable*, *creditable*, *equitable*, *exceptionable*, *fashionable*, *hospitable*, *impressonable*, *marriageable*, *peaceable*, *personable*, *rateable*, *reasonable*, *seasonable*, *serviceable*, *statutable*, *treasonable*, *veritable*. It would be rash to make a clean sweep of these words, the recognized and established results of a process of formation which has operated for centuries, in order to reconcile the actual usage of the suffix "*-able*" with pedantic conceptions of what the usage ought to be. Language repudiates such lawgivers. A vigilant editor may draw up an *Index Expurgatorius*, and see that its prohibitions are carried out, but a word that has once struggled into existence cannot be extinguished by an act of Parliament. It will insist upon living its life, and, when it dies, it dies a natural death. There is no law for words but usage. When a new word comes to supply a felt want, it may always depend upon being aided and abetted to break any other law. People who object to its formation, or whose ears are offended by its sound, are of course perfectly right in urging their objections to it; but, on the other hand, people who find it useful to give a shade to their meaning, or who are caught by some charm in the sound of it, are equally entitled to employ it, without fear or trembling, and to deride as pedants all who seek to interfere with them.

From The Spectator.

THE CAUSES OF THE ENGLISH WORSHIP OF SUCCESS.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, in his recent essay upon the resemblance between the positions of the Southern slave-owners and the Ottoman Turks, remarked that the

* "On English Adjectives ending in *-able*, with special reference to *reliable*." Trübner.

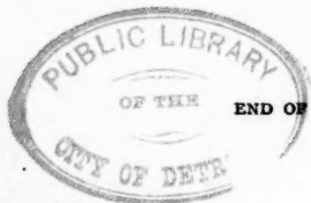
same people in England had defended both; and would, he fancied, abandon the Turks when beaten, with the rapidity with which they had abandoned the Confederates when defeated. The remark, though a little bitter, is perfectly justified by the facts of the Confederate case, and indeed, by much of the history of English opinion. Of all races in the world, the English, in spite of their tenacity and their indifference to general opinion—an indifference quite as great as Cato's—seem to have the least persevering sympathy for lost political causes. A strong minority must have loved the Protectorate, but the moment it had disappeared all overt sympathy for it was over, and for two hundred years no one ventured to say a word in defence of the great Protector, whose descendants, moreover, never resumed his name. There was danger to the throne for a moment from the old army, but none from the body of the people. The Jacobites, who lingered so long in Scotland, were never a popular party here, and their traditions and literature as an English party are so utterly extinct that the common people believe all the Jacobites were Scotch, and save so far as they have read Scott's novels know absolutely nothing about them. After the Italian war the English Tories absolutely forgot the petty princes of Italy, and in 1866 English society, till then almost entirely Austrian in its sympathies, suddenly wheeled round, and for years held the composite southern empire to be almost beneath contempt. The feeling for Denmark so died away, that no single reference has ever been made in Parliament by a politician of the first class to the position of north Schleswig. About the Confederates the change was marvellous. Up to the time of General Sherman's march into space, five sixths of English income-taxpayers were on the side of the Confederates. So powerful were their sympathizers that they almost plunged us into war, they advanced six millions to the government of Richmond, and they shook the confidence of the most determined Liberals, till at last hardly any one would believe that the war would have any result but the independence of the South. Nobody but the "sentimentalists" held on, and they had intervals of great depression. Six months after Sherman had reappeared behind General Lee there was not a Confederate in England, not a man who would allow that he had ever believed the defeat of the North a certainty, and the continual irritation of the North with English feeling was treated as

an irrational display of temper. It seemed as if Englishmen believed only in success, and this impression, universal on the Continent, is deepened by some smaller evidences. English opinion rarely adheres to an unsuccessful hero. Its foreign idols are forgotten in a few years. It scorned the Ulysses of France the moment he ran away. It adored Napoleon III. while he was on the throne, and despised him as soon as he was taken prisoner. It is wholly at this moment in favor of the Republican party in France, and would believe France fitted only for a tyranny if another *coup d'état* re-established the second empire. And as we have said, if the sultan loses his dominion in Europe, there will probably not be a Tory newspaper, or a Tory orator, or a club-man who one year after will acknowledge that he exulted when the Turks won, who will regret the Turks, or who will remember that he believed the independence of Turkey essential to the interests of India. Erzeroum will be as forgotten as Ocsakoff, the loss of which was said, in a great debate in which Charles Fox took part, to be fatal to British prestige, and the very name of which has for half a century been absolutely forgotten. The new masters of European Turkey, whoever they may be, will be judged without the slightest reference to the Turks, and the remnant of Turkish dominion seated at Broussa will be studied like any other semi-barbaric kingdom.

There is something in this worship of success, this readiness to abandon and even to forget a lost cause, which is scarcely consistent with the persistency and conservatism inherent in the English character; and it is worth while to see if it can be explained by any theory more reasonable than the one usually advanced, the reverence for power. The Englishman does not worship power, as a rule. On the contrary, he rather dreads and dislikes power. He fought the first Napoleon for twenty years because he was so powerful; he hated the American republic because it seemed dangerously strong; he strongly dislikes Bismarck because he can move such armies; and he loathes Russia mainly because he thinks the Colossus too big for the good of the world. We believe that reverence for power enters very little into his worship of success, which arises from other and somewhat mixed motives, the main one being this. With the single exception of Italy, an exception which it would take a volume to explain, the average Englishman does not

care very greatly about any foreign power, or any form of government established in any foreign country. He does not detest despotisms until they are cruel, or republics until they are disorderly, or mixed monarchies until they are obviously too weak to work. There is in his mind a governing idea that one main test of any new organization — or old organization, for the matter of that — is the work it can do; and if it cannot do any work, if it fails in its first objects or the objects he thinks first, he casts it out of his mind, and waits, looking about for the next weapon. The princes of Italy could not keep down popular revolt, which was all they were fit for, and he forgot them. The Confederate States could not break up the Union, which in his judgment was their *raison d'être*, and the moment that was clear he wanted to hear nothing more about them. Napoleonism could neither maintain itself nor keep France from subjugation by foreigners, and as these were the first ends of that system, Napoleonism died out of his mind. Turkey exists in the ordinary British mind in order that Russia may be kept back. By a series of occurrences, some of them accidental, Turkey has been compelled to show all by herself whether she is fit to perform this function. As yet the result is not quite clear, but if it becomes clear and Turkey is totally defeated, Turkey's *raison d'être* in the British mind will have vanished, and she may go, without lingering regrets. The Englishman does not value Turkey, or any other power, or any form of government for itself, but for what he thinks it can secure, for its meaning in his own mind; and the moment it does not secure what he desires, or loses its meaning, he gives it up at once, and usually forever. This may be said to be pure selfishness, but it is not so, though, no doubt, selfishness may enter very deeply into it. It is rather practicalness, the love of efficiency natural to a very powerful, though very *borné*

kind of nature. Sometimes the quality displays itself without any selfishness at all. There was no selfishness whatever in forgetting Denmark, any more than in the strong sympathy originally felt for her. Her defeat brought England no advantage, but rather considerable harm; but still Englishmen forgot Denmark, because it was of no use remembering her. The independence of the small States could not be defended there, and the Englishman, though as disposed as ever to wish well to small States, turned his regard away to other scenes. He had no energy to waste on the impossible. It was just the same with Napoleonism. The fall of Napoleonism brought England no good, but rather harm, for Englishmen thought Napoleon a very good friend; but they did not regret it, far less weep over it, for in the fall it was revealed to them that their admiration had been mistaken, that the strong government, which, as they thought, maintained order without doing mischief to France, could not maintain order as against invasion, and had done to France an enormous and, as it might prove, an irreparable mischief. The feeling for Napoleonism therefore, in spite of English interests, died instantly away, and has not yet revived, even when the struggle is seen to be between Napoleonism and the republic. Moreover, though the English forget the lost cause, they often do it without admiring the winning one. They forgot the Confederates without liking the North. They forgot the princes of Germany, without loving Bismarck, and they will forget the Turk, without in the least appreciating his successor. Their defect of sentiment, for it is a defect, and one which greatly deforms the outward aspect of the national character, arises not from baseness, but from a narrow-minded practicalness, akin to that of the artisan who, breaking his tool, selects another from his box, without a regret, except for the waste of means.



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